

# COUNTRY LIFE

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THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING AND QUEEN, WITH THE HOME SECRETARY, AT THE  
CONSECRATION OF LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL.

# COUNTRY LIFE

THE JOURNAL FOR ALL INTERESTED IN  
COUNTRY LIFE & COUNTRY PURSUITS

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### EDITORIAL NOTICE.

The Editor will be glad to consider any MSS., photographs and sketches submitted to him, if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope for return if unsuitable.

## The Farm Labourer's Children

IN the course of a long letter printed conspicuously in the *Times*, Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone foreshadows an amendment which she says is likely to be introduced for the purpose of permitting the County Committees to provide for the payment of children's allowances in addition to wages. Her plea is that when the farm labourer's wages are small the mother and children suffer more than the man. She does not consider that altogether unjust. The man has hard work to do and would not be strong enough for it unless he received a reasonable amount of nourishment. He has to have stout apparel, too, because his work is done in all seasons of the year, in exposure to every wind that blows. His very boots must be better than those of women and children who are not called upon to work in the fields. Nor does Miss Rathbone preach against his beer and tobacco—a man's life would be greatly deadened if he were shut off from his enjoyment. The bearing of her article is not on any reform of the habits of the worker, but her contention is that the children suffer and that it would be worth some trouble on the part of the State if adequate provision could be made for them. There are few who will not sympathise with these pleadings; but we live in a very practical world, and it is well to apply crucial tests to proposals of this kind.

In the first place, it seems to us that Miss Rathbone is not likely to gain sympathy because this system is very widely in use in France, Belgium, Germany, and so on. The wages of agricultural labourers in these countries are, as a rule, lower than those which prevail in this country, and their methods of agriculture are not our methods. The French peasant-proprietor works harder on his holding than any slave, and his wife and children take part in that toil. Hired labour is, to a considerable extent, eliminated from the work on the farm. In France, men and women alike prefer to cultivate land that they own. In Germany it is the same; there are far more small holdings in Germany in proportion to population and area than in Great Britain. In fact, the proportion is lowest in our own country. Rural society with us has taken a turn quite its own in developing three classes engaged in agriculture—the owner, the farmer and the labourer. In consequence of this, as Lord Beaconsfield pointed out long ago, the land has to produce three rents, one for the owner, one for the tenant and one for the worker. The difficulty long has been that they are three bad rents which, if they were all added together, would not make one good one. The writer of this letter seems to understand that practically, although she does not mention it, for she assumes that there would be great difficulty in raising the minimum wage so as to make adequate provision for the women and children. What she advocates is that there should be a special fund set apart for the family.

What puzzles us is how she is going to provide this money as easily as she imagines possible. The plan is not given in very much detail. Miss Rathbone bases it upon the fact that the average family does not exist. It is easy to count up the members of fifty different households and divide the total of inmates by the number of families: that is what is called an average. When we say that it does not exist, we mean that one labourer has any number of children up to a dozen or more, while there are many who have no children at all. Obviously, the minimum wage would mean more to the selfish bachelor than to the father of half a dozen children, and it would not in the slightest degree console either to know what was the average; nor could the single man, who may have avoided marriage for the purpose of keeping down his expenses, be reasonably asked to contribute to the feeding of the children of his neighbours who had the courage or luck to have a quiverful of them. These considerations drive the writer to the resource of making a special fund for the women and children. How is she to get it? Her idea is that the "County Committee should establish a children's fund, made up of contributions payable by employers in proportion either to the number of labourers they employ or to the total of their wage bill," and she suggests that the allowance should be made through the committee monthly to the mother and the children, or, if that is not practicable, to the labourer himself or a woman nominated by him. The exact meaning is not apparent. Is it that the man with a large pay-bill should pay more than the man with a small one? In very many cases the large pay-bill comes from a man who is thriving and has some system of giving commissions for successful work. That is exactly the sort of farmer that one does not want to see pay. He is entitled, surely, to the fruits of his enterprise, and, moreover, is enabled to pay higher wages than those who keep to the old legendary style of husbandry. The total of a wages bill depends on two factors: one, the number of men employed, and the other, the rate at which they are paid. Consideration of plans such as these leads us back to the only principle that is sound, namely, that the solution of the problem lies in the way of making husbandry more prosperous. Miss Rathbone's suggestion would not help us in the slightest to produce our own bacon and dairy products, it would not lighten the bill that comes in from abroad. Everyone will consider a suggestion of this kind most sympathetically, but it is easier to support it with the heart than with the brain.

\* \* It is particularly requested that no permission to photograph houses, gardens and livestock on behalf of COUNTRY LIFE be granted except when direct application is made from the offices of the paper.





## COUNTRY NOTES

ON another page Professor Reilly gives a description of the opening of Liverpool Cathedral that could only come from an enthusiastic and accomplished student of architecture. In replying to the welcome from the Lord Mayor of Liverpool, the King, on Saturday, rose to the occasion in a speech that will pass into history. Since the Middle Ages no King of England has been called upon to open a cathedral that was completely new. All who speak from knowledge and understanding agree with His Majesty that "neither in its site nor in its architecture need Liverpool Cathedral fear comparison with the masterpieces of past generations." So "it is a splendid testimony to the vitality of the Church of Liverpool that they have embarked fearlessly on so noble an enterprise, confident that, although they could not see to the end, the work would not be allowed to languish, but would in due time be carried to completion." They "dreamed not of a perishable home who thus could build."

ON somewhat narrow-minded, bigoted and intolerant lines, the Dean of Westminster, with the unanimous support of the Chapter, has negatived the proposal that there should be a memorial to Byron in Westminster Abbey. The main contention by which he supports this decision is that Byron lived an openly dissolute life and "partly by the influence of licentious verse, earned a world-wide reputation for immorality among English-speaking people." He forgot the words of Byron's most illustrious admirer, that "God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease." The Dean admits that Byron was a great poet: but he was something more. His was the ardent intellect which roused Europe from the stupor that followed the long Napoleonic wars and that was the real cause of the influence he exerted over Europe, particularly over Goethe and Heine. His verse was freely translated into European languages, because it was recognised that he was no echo, but a true voice. Of his unselfish devotion to Greece and freedom it should be unnecessary to speak. These features of his life demand an everlasting monument. After a hundred years it is surprising that a Dean of Westminster should try to perpetuate memory of the evil that men do and be content to let the good be "interred with their bones."

A YEAR of plenty has falsified the gloomy outlook engendered by the wild weather of the early months of 1924. Flower and fruit, grass and corn have responded generously to the wooing of the sun. It may be that Lord Bledisloe's account of the state of things at Lydney Park may apply to some districts in the country, yet it is not unsatisfactory. The light soil is more productive than the heavy, but the latter is doing much better than might be expected. Wheat and barley are good crops, and

potatoes and roots of all kinds are doing well. Much, of course, will depend upon the weather of the next few weeks, but, unless we have an unusual fall of rain, the returns from the land this year will be extraordinary. Indeed, they have been almost too good up to now. Green peas, especially, have proved an enormous crop. They were being actually sold from the coster's barrow last week at a penny a pound.

WE are glad to hear from Mr. Richmond V. Hellyar, upon whose advice a number of bird sanctuaries were established in Bristol on the same lines as those of the London parks, that the experiment is going on very well. These sanctuaries have been in existence for only eighteen months and already have achieved a notable success, particularly those on the islands in the St. George and Eastville lakes. Of course, in a town an island refuge is ideal, and the birds have responded very freely to the call made upon them by the provision of convenient nesting sites. The blue and great tits, thrushes and hedge sparrows in the bushes and a moorhen among the flags at the edge of the water are numbered among the birds that have bred successfully. In one of the moorland sanctuaries a green woodpecker has bored an appropriate hole in an ash near the water; while jays, greenfinches and willow warblers have taken up residence in places chosen by them. In fact, the movement is going on very well, and we hope other towns will follow Bristol's excellent example.

### BELIEF.

When the long day is done—then, as in years gone by,  
We who remember, we who understand,  
Shall meet, where old seas break in olden beauty.

Whether to crown the conquering dream that drove us,  
Our flag unlowered and our fears forgot,  
Or to clasp hands against the gathering night,  
God knows—we wait the hour.

MARY-ADAIR MACDONALD.

THE security of the Malvern Hills seems to be assured by the passing of the 1924 Bill. This Act gives the conservators wider powers for restricting quarrying operations, so that the disfiguring "pink rash," as a contemporary calls it, which neither the Act of 1884 nor that of 1909 was able to abolish, may be expected to end now. As long as quarries near the top were only utilised for road-making there was no great harm done, but it was different when a great commercial demand for the stone arose and a serious inroad was made upon the hills. The right of compulsory purchase is given to the conservators by the Act of 1924, and so they can equally prevent any further quarrying and close the quarries that have been worked. One of the powers given to the conservators is to put a threepenny rate upon the district, which would allow them to borrow up to £30,000. The land that is being purchased by them belonged chiefly to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and to Lady Grey.

OUR guests of the American Bar Association are likely to remember the great welcome which they received in Westminster Hall and the very learned speech of the Lord Chancellor, who showed that the edifice reared by William Rufus was, spiritually speaking, a joint possession of the English and American nations. It was here that in the process of centuries our laws were moulded, and moulded so well that they became an integral part of the law of the United States. The most important pronouncement in Mr. Hughes' speech at the Pilgrims' dinner was that we might count on America's assistance in the necessary measures to assure the economic rehabilitation of Europe. He did not mean that this would be a matter for the Government, but pinned his faith to the Dawes plan and the participation of American experts with the liberty of constructive effort. He laid down the perfectly sound doctrine that a loan was absolutely essential, but discussion would be futile unless the arrangements made satisfied the investing public. Mr. Hughes was perfectly right in insisting upon this fact being recognised and acted upon. His exposition of American principles was full and clear, and the speech one to be read and pondered over.

IN many ways the most practicable suggestion for the reform of Charing Cross has been made by Captain George Swinton. The suggestion is that a new bridge should be constructed of two tiers, and the traffic pass above the trains. The bridge road would divide either side the station into a thoroughfare descending to Strand level at Trafalgar Square on the south-west side, and be carried by a viaduct over the Strand on the north-east side to St. Martin's Place. The roof of the station would be lowered and the station itself be so reconstructed as to carry business premises and office blocks above it, between the new roads. As the property affected is mainly in official hands, few complications should arise in that respect. The scheme would open up Waterloo and the Surrey side and provide an arterial connection between Tottenham Court Road and the New Kent Road. Waterloo, the headquarters of the Southern Railway, should more and more become the main terminus of the South Eastern line, Charing Cross being served only by "business-passenger" traffic. The sooner this section of line was electrified the better. The double-tier bridge affords an opportunity for magnificent architectural treatment.

IN reference to a letter from Mr. W. E. Butler in last week's issue, recommending the study of local history, we have received a letter from Mr. C. B. Willcocks, Hon. Director of the Local History Records Scheme, Berkshire Branch, which shows that an excellent scheme is already in operation in that part of the world. The need for such a scheme is that the time has passed when local records were handed down orally. The conditions of to-day are not favourable to the transmission to a new generation of local history. Thus a great deal of interesting knowledge would pass out of ken altogether but for such an organisation as already exists for the interesting county of Berkshire, and is being extended to other centres of interest.

LAST week-end saw an informal opening of the new holes at Littlestone with some four-ball matches in which distinguished amateurs took part. Golfers are very conservative people, and particularly so, perhaps, at Littlestone, which is a place that attracts the same faithful devotees summer after summer. There are, therefore, some natural laments over the disappearance of old friends in the eighth, sixteenth and seventeenth holes, which possessed the thrill inseparable from the "blind" shot. An impartial observer would probably regret the eighth, even though the hole that supplants it be quite an adequate one, but would hold that the new sixteenth and seventeenth which Dr. Mackenzie has designed are, sentiment apart, improvements on their predecessors. Certainly the new eighteenth hole, with its sinuous plateau green, almost diabolically difficult of access and flanked by cavernous bunkers, is an enormous improvement on the old one, which had no virtues of any kind.

AMERICAN speculators in wheat are administering a sharp lesson to those who have allowed British agriculture to fall into decay. During the present month the price of flour has made a frequent jump upwards. On the 1st the official price was advanced by sixpence, on the 15th by a shilling, on the 16th by another shilling, and on the 18th by a shilling, and now by a fourth shilling. This, according to a well informed Hull importer, is due to a gamble similar to that of Joseph Leiter a few years ago. "This is an attempt," he says, "to corner the market through Winnipeg, and the Americans hope to make a lot of money out of Europe, particularly England." Fortunately, there is one way by means of which the plot can be foiled. The attempt will greatly intensify the force of the advice, "Buy English Wheat." Yeoman flour, by universal consent, is more wholesome than the whiter flour made from foreign wheat, and Yeoman II is a vast improvement on it. In the yielding quality of the grain, in baking qualities and in flavour it has been proved by scientific tests to be an advance on its predecessor. About 2,500 quarters are now on sale, and next season it will be available for cooking purposes. In the meantime, an excellent loaf of all-English flour can be obtained from the original Yeoman wheat.

LAST week was a very full one as regards cricket, but there was nothing of conspicuous interest. The Gentlemen v. Players match should, indeed, have been so, but the Gentlemen faded away so feebly in both their innings as to make the end very mild and flat. Mr. P. F. Warner, in writing of this match, declares that he noticed signs of staleness in many of the players, and he thus confirms what the man in the street often surmises. It is hardly possible that a cricketer, and more especially, of course, a bowler, can play six days of strenuous cricket a week for week after week without growing at times physically and mentally exhausted. Mr. Warner gives as an example Tate, who, he says, bowled more balls last year than Richardson did in his great years. This season Tate has probably had still harder work, and he has two more Test matches and another six weeks at least of bowling before him in this country and then an Australian tour. Anybody who has ever played any kind of ball game, in however amateurish a way, knows that when once he feels the hitting of that ball to be a weariness of the flesh, his case is a bad one, and so will sympathise with overworked bowlers. It is possible to have too much of a good thing, even of cricket.

#### WESTMINSTER DAISIES.

A.D. 1399.

The monks are gathered in their stalls  
And thence their voices spring  
Like birds that flutter round the walls  
And, as they flutter, sing;  
Long towards the west the shadows lie  
And slowly morning climbs;  
Under this cool and stainless sky  
Who cometh forth betimes?

Good Master Chaucer when he hears  
The chants of prime full soon  
Foldeth his hood about his ears  
And dons his peaked shoon;  
Then, stepping lightly, he will pass  
Beside the Abbot's House  
And so on to the speckled grass  
Where still the daisies drowse.

He loves the colours that they bear,  
Green, crimson, gold and white;  
The doublet of his Yong Squyer  
With those same hues was dight;  
Griseld he gave a golden dress,  
The Good Wyf crimson hose,  
The bracelet of the Prioress  
Was green and gold and rose.

He loves to watch the flowers unfurl  
Their green-and-silver weed,  
And lift their little orbs of pearl  
Upon this dewy mead.  
Then he forgets that Kings forget  
And that the times are strange,  
Glad that though Fortune changeth yet  
His daisies do not change.

DOROTHY MARGARET STUART.

THE prowess of some of our runners at the Olympic Games has quickened the already increasing interest in athletic sports, and there were 30,000 people at Stamford Bridge on Saturday to watch the relay races between the United States and the British Empire. Our men were well beaten—more thoroughly, perhaps, than we had expected—but they accomplished one or two noteworthy feats. The most stirring achievement was Liddell's quarter, in which he gave what appeared an impossible start to the best of the Americans, caught him and beat him amid frantic enthusiasm. His time, with a flying start, must have been very near to 47secs., and in the long line of historic quarter-milers, beginning with the great Macaulay, there can surely have been no finer runner than this young Scotsman. In the field events the Americans were in a class by themselves. Teams of three who can average 6ft. 3ins. in the high jump, 23ft. in the long jump and 48ft. in the weight, represent a standard that we cannot yet



touch. In all these International contests there has been nothing but friendliness and good feeling between ourselves and the Americans. This is a pleasant reflection, since it is clear that, as regards some other nations, the Olympic Games have only tended to exacerbate national bitterness.

THE Girl Guide organisation has already, with its membership of 250,000, done much to knit together the young women of Great Britain. The World Camp, opened last week in Hampshire, comprises detachments not only from every Dominion, but from most foreign countries, from Iceland to Japan, Latvia and Poland to Chile. The camp is in the grounds of Foxlease Park, presented to the Guides

by Mrs. Archbold Saunderson on the occasion of Princess Mary's wedding, and endowed with the wedding gift of the Maries of the Empire. There are a thousand young people there who, besides the fun of camping in what to many is a strange and remote land, will make many friends from all corners of the world, and display their national guide-craft. The tests for captain are severe, and the precautionary regulations at first sight aggravating; but few mothers think them excessive and, as the Chief Scout has long since pointed out, "roughing it" is the result of incompetence. "The sign of a good camp is the comfort of each individual." The weather has been putting these hardy sybarites through a pretty stiff examination.

## LIVERPOOL CATHEDRAL

BY PROFESSOR C. H. REILLY.

*The architecture of the Cathedral was fully illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE of June 28th.*

THE great cathedral was consecrated last Saturday and the first morning service was held in it last Sunday, both in the presence of the King and Queen. An innumerable company of archbishops, bishops, deans and other Church dignitaries attended from every diocese in Britain and, indeed, from most parts of the world. A great congregation of notabilities, local and otherwise, flooded every corner of the vast building on both occasions, so that it has now been seen under one at least of the conditions for which it was designed. It is a striking peculiarity of the Liverpool Cathedral, among the many it possesses, compared with our old cathedrals, that it has a great central space for congregational worship. Only one third of that space has been built at present, but enough is there to show the mass of worshippers it will hold, apart altogether from its broad and stately choir. Mediæval cathedrals were built with more consideration for the clergy than for the laity. It is, therefore, one of Sir Giles Gilbert Scott's many contributions to the development of Gothic architecture that he has to a large extent solved the problem of adding a great central space to the long vistas of a Gothic building without destroying its character. I say to a large extent, because we have

not yet seen how he will get over the difficulty of stopping the nave arcades with something of apparent strength sufficient to hold up the thrust of the arches. At the corresponding chancel end he has filled the last bays with the organ and its supporting walls so that the eye is completely satisfied. I have no doubt whatever that he will find a satisfactory solution to this problem when the nave comes to be built. The great difficulty of properly and satisfactorily stopping the arcades between the aisles and the nave or between the aisles and the chancel when the open space is reached may have been one of the reasons why such spaces have not been provided in the past. If Sir Giles solves this problem, too, as successfully, æsthetically and constructionally, as he has done everything else so far, he will have taken one step further to bring classical architectural ideas and Gothic ones into accord. A German philosopher has defined the fundamental difference between the two styles by saying that classical architecture is an affair of containing within a building finely proportioned but definitely limited portions of space, while Gothic is an architecture which aims at making space seem infinite by the indefinite shapes enclosed. In Liverpool, then, before he has finished, Sir Giles will have to solve the



Stewart Bale

"AND WAS JERUSALEM BUILT HERE  
AMONG THESE DARK SATANIC MILLS?"

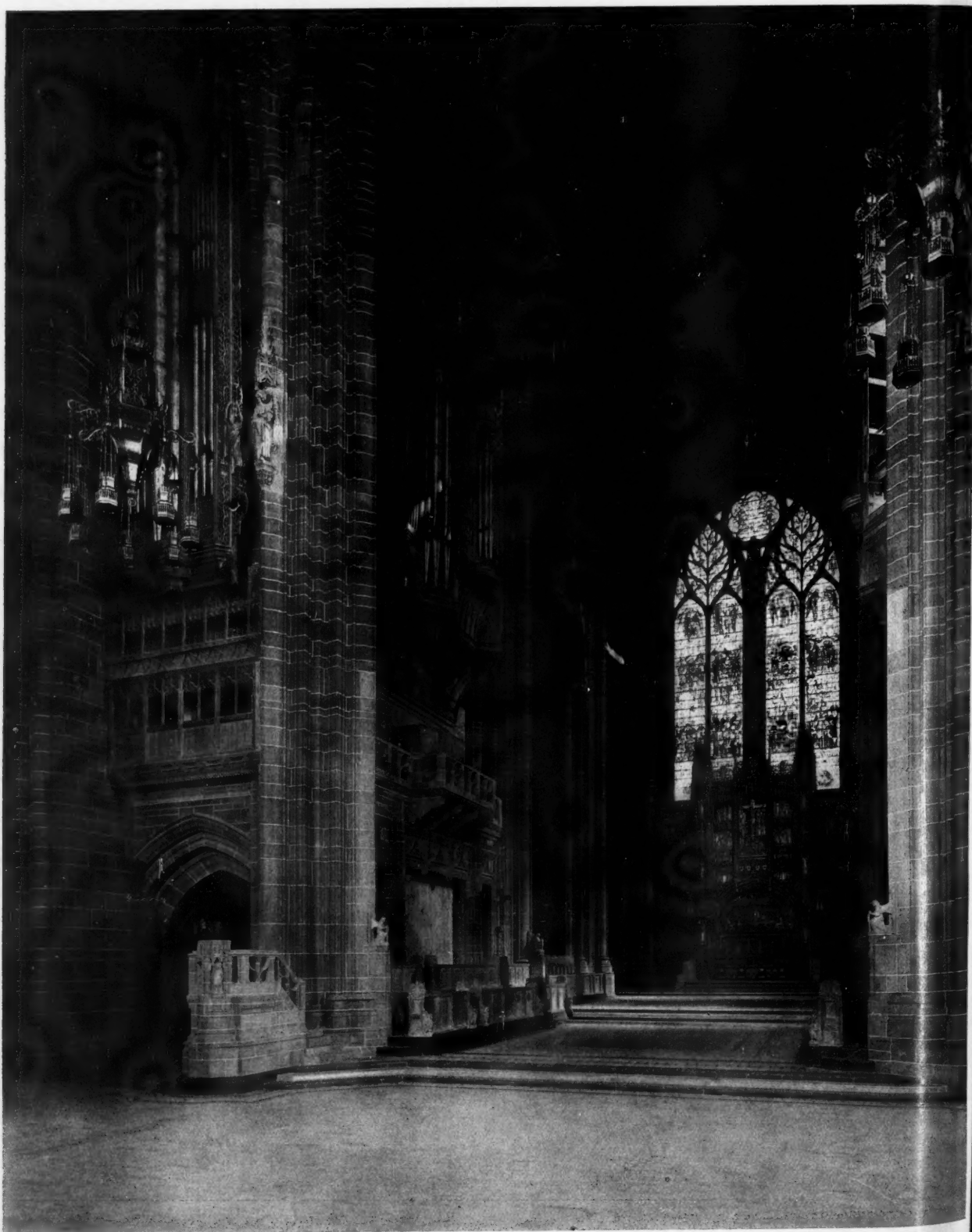
Liverpool.

problem of combining the symmetry of an ample and definite central hall with the mystery of his Gothic vaults and aisles. But this is anticipating matters: let us return to the effect his building produced when filled with a great congregation.

To begin with, I confess, I found the crowded floor not so impressive as its wide spaces, when but a few solitary figures are to be seen. I felt for a few moments that the solemnity of the building which makes the Liverpool Cathedral so eminently a house of prayer was lessened. Temporary galleries for Press and public were filling the aisles and projecting from the west wall, while tribunes had been built out on either side of the chancel steps for the King and Queen and for the Archbishop of Canterbury. The congregation, too, largely in black, seemed to make a jarring note against the quiet richness of the red sandstone and grey oak. Soon, however, a thin white line of choir and clergy, walking two abreast, threaded the black from the western door till it stretched all the way through the open

space and the broad plateaux of the choir right up to the sanctuary. The chancel then looked magnificent. It required this thin stream of white-robed men to show off its gigantic scale and its magnificent colour.

One fine effect of the red sandstone interior is that the building already looks rich and furnished. Sir Giles has enhanced this effect by his gilding of the red sandstone reredos. First, there is the gold of the altar cloth, then the black frame of the black marble wall behind the altar on which, on Saturday, was a single tall thin silver cross. Above this is the central arch of the reredos enclosing a life-size relief of the Last Supper, in which the clothing of the figures is in gold. Then the reredos rises in its many stages of gilded figures and of golden pinnacles, rushing up like tongues of flame, till, with the great richly coloured window above, the whole end of the chancel seems some continually burning sacrifice. With this to close the vista, with the under-pattern of rich carving covering the



Stewart Bale

"THE GREAT BUILDING OF OUR TIME."

Liverpool.





Stewart Bale.

THE TRANSEPT CROSSING.

Liverpool.

walls and choir stalls on either side and the finely patterned spaces of the ample floor in front, it will be understood that the chancel already looks, as indeed it is, very rich and fully furnished. It only required this long thin line of clergy to indicate its size.

Gradually the line changed from white to scarlet as processions of deans, bishops and archbishops, each with their attendant chaplains, succeeded those of the ordinary clergy. Gradually, too, the choir seats filled up with banks of white-robed men, with here and there a mass of scarlet or purple. I counted five rows of such on either side and yet the chancel remained broad and open, as a great wide road leading to the altar. Then, with this white base on either side, Scott's piers and arches looked more magnificent still. Fortunately, on the Saturday the sun was shining, and broad beams of sunlight crossed the chancel and made great patterns on the floor. I have seen many great ceremonials in foreign churches

of vast scale, but I have never seen a finer effect than Scott's chancel—one may be allowed to drop his new title, perhaps, glad as one is of it—was at this moment when filled with white and scarlet-robed dignitaries. The climax was reached when the tall ascetic figure of Dr. David, the new Bishop of Liverpool, who was to consecrate the building, was seen walking in plain purple cassock with attendants in black, like a prisoner, up the centre of the chancel to view the building before he went outside to knock on the doors and to be admitted eventually in full canonicals.

To architects another moment of equal interest and impressiveness was when Sir Giles knelt before the altar and handed to the Bishop a roll of drawings of his building. Others offered gifts before and after, but everyone must have felt the gift Sir Giles' imagination had brought into being was the greatest gift of all.

Pictorially, another great moment, which showed the building at its best, was towards the end of Sunday's ceremony,

when, the vast congregation and innumerable clergy standing in their places, the architect, together with the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of Liverpool and other dignitaries, conducted the King and Queen and their suite to the altar steps to show them the reredos. As Sunday was a dark day, the hidden electric lights behind the great piers were turned on and the reredos and adjacent piers were flooded with light, while the gloom behind them became more intense. Then the group turned and poured down the steps in front of the altar—King, Queen, Archbishop, Bishops and perhaps fifty other persons in an irregular mass. One could imagine a fine Brangwynesque picture of the towering chancel with its great coloured window above, the lofty reredos, the altar with its single silver cross, and at its foot this irregular stream of tiny but significant human beings. Such pictures as this made one realise that Scott's building, great and impressive as it is for lonely meditation, can master a crowd, however composed, and make it subservient to its architecture.

In the smaller details, too, of the furnishing, which one saw for the first time at these ceremonies, Scott has been equally successful. I suppose in the various processions of Church dignitaries collected from the whole country all the chief processional crosses in England must have been carried. They may be, and probably are, all very beautiful objects when seen close at hand, but they, one and all, looked thin and brassy at Liverpool compared with the great silver cross Scott has designed as the Liverpool Cross. This cross has broad surfaces and a close net of enrichment round them. It is fixed on a dark handle, which is not seen very readily. The effect is, therefore, of this broad silver cross floating down the chancel above the heads of the clergy. Whereas the other crosses were elongated and decorated staves or walking sticks, this was a splendid symbol riding aloft.

The two great chandeliers, which now float over the central space and are shown in the illustrations, are another example of his skill in detail. Without being domestic or civic in design, they have all the elegance that a chandelier should possess. I believe the solid parts really contain amplifiers for sound and that these chandeliers are the secret of the fact that the human voice can be heard clearly from certain places in a building whose dimensions and particularly whose height would otherwise defy it.

Whether these amplifiers have dictated their size or not, these chandeliers are among the noblest things in the building. They send down their light, too, in vertical beams and intensify thereby at night the mystery of the vaults. At the time of writing there has not yet been an evening service, so that the effect of the partially illuminated building filled with dim multitudes and distant choirs has not been seen, but I look forward to new and even more magical effects at night than those the daytime has already produced. Certain it is, however, now his cathedral is in use, that Scott has produced at Liverpool the great building of our time. Everyone who feels that the production of monumental architecture is a sign of life in the race, and who, perhaps, till now has been a little doubtful whether that sign exists, should visit Liverpool and see for himself this great achievement. To many I can imagine no greater pleasure than to help forward by subscription the completion of this work so nobly begun. It was a touch of genius on someone's part to include as the last hymn at the consecration the well-known lines of William Blake. Liverpool has not many satanic mills, but she is a sufficiently ugly town apart from her few great buildings to come within Blake's meaning. To build Jerusalem in such a place is no mean task. Liverpool and Scott have made this great start. Let the rest of England, which has not built a completely new cathedral on a new site since the Middle Ages, now join in the endeavour.

And did those feet in ancient time  
Walk upon England's mountains green?  
And was the Holy Lamb of God  
On England's pleasant pastures seen?  
And did the countenance divine  
Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
And was Jerusalem builded here  
Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
Bring me my arrows of desire!  
Bring me my spear! O clouds unfold!  
Bring me my chariot of fire!  
I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

## GROUSE AND DEER IN 1924

AS I write (July 18th) the Twelfth draws steadily nearer, and the rush to Scotland has already commenced. I fear that grouse prospects in the highlands are scarcely so favourable as they were a month ago. The young broods seem to be dwindling and disappearing mysteriously, and during the last few days I have met with several cocks together—always a bad sign—and several small companies of old birds without a chick among them.

In the Inverness-shire highlands February was a mild and spring-like month, but quite unexpectedly a very fierce blizzard broke on the last day of the month. It was certainly the worst storm since 1915, and lay upon the higher grounds a good three weeks. Fortunately for grouse and deer, the gale which accompanied the storm was so furious that any exposed ground was drifted almost bare. The grouse, ptarmigan and deer were thus not deprived of their food, and the storm caused them little inconvenience.

At the end of March and all through April there was less snow—apart from heavy drifts—than usual on the hills, and although April was mainly dull and cheerless, a mild spell was experienced at the middle of the month. With the coming of May the weather became more wintry. For the first ten days of the month snow fell almost daily, not on the hills only, but in the glens too. On the first Sunday of May a brilliant morning of sunshine succeeded a heavy snowfall. The grouse had just commenced to lay at the time, and the birds were unable to find their nests and were forced to lay their eggs on the snow. One egg I found—dropped only a few hours before and very beautifully marked—had been discovered and sucked by a fox, and a few yards further on I came across the remains of the grouse herself, also fallen a prey to Reynard, who had had unusually good hunting that morning. The tracts of grouse and fox were exceptionally distinct in the light feathery snow, and one could see plainly how the fox had ended his stalk crawling forward on his elbows.

May all through was a wet and very uncertain month. There were remarkable variations of shade temperature. One day the mercury rose to 66°, the next the maximum was only 47°, while the following day 64° was registered. On the low grounds grouse had hatched before the end of May, and nests had been well filled with eggs. On the higher moors few grouse chicks saw the light before the longest day, and it was July before the latest nests hatched out. Although the summer has been infinitely more genial than in 1923, my own opinion is

that the grouse have not done so well as last year. Disease is still prevalent, and the gradual disappearance of the young broods appears ominous.

In the West the prospects are more favourable, and the stock of birds—never very large—on these moors is approaching pre-war numbers. The climatic conditions of the West, with its heavy winter rainfall and constant mists on the hills, are less favourable to grouse than the drier climate of the central and eastern highlands. A peculiarity of these western moors is the fact that they are sometimes visited by large numbers of grouse from other districts in Scotland. The winter of 1915-16 was a severe one everywhere except on the Atlantic seaboard, and grouse migrated in packs to these western moors, where a record number of birds were present in the summer and early autumn of 1916. Even in October, when the shooting was over or almost so, the grouse were present in unusual numbers. Then came a month of unparalleled rains—during a single day 4½ ins. was measured—and the birds disappeared entirely. Not only the grouse, but to my own knowledge the native-bred black game also vanished, and in a number of districts never returned. It seems to be reasonably certain that bad weather drove them eastward, but few of the western landowners will admit this, preferring to blame the presence of vermin. It is a comforting thought, and on the surface appears well founded. But it must be remembered that the western moors have always had "vermin" upon them, for these birds nest in security upon the uninhabited islands of the Atlantic seaboard, and from their strongholds roam across the adjoining moors. A number of vermin clubs came into existence in the West after the war. These clubs aimed at the extermination or thinning of the ranks of the buzzard, peregrine falcon, raven and hooded crow, and have accounted for a formidable number of their enemies. The raven especially has suffered, which is a pity, for the harm worked on a grouse moor by a pair of these birds is much less than that done by a pair of grey crows. But to the majority of keepers a raven, being a larger and finer bird, is the more tempting prize of the two, so he falls a victim while the hoodie escapes.

It is the same with the buzzard, a bird easier by far to stalk on the nest than the grey crow. This latter bird is undoubtedly the enemy *par excellence* on a grouse moor. One has only to see the number of eggs sucked by a single pair of these birds to realise their destructiveness. It is wonderful with what perseverance and skill they search the heather,

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exploring, foot by foot, each likely heather clump. I have been a good deal this season on two acres of moorland, on each of which a pair of hoodies have their beat, and the number of sucked eggs of grouse, black game, curlew and lapwing which are lying about the ground is almost unbelievable. Scarcely a grouse has escaped, although to my knowledge but a single pair of hoodies is operating in each district.

Deer promise very well indeed. Rarely has the grass been better in the high corries, which are green as young fields of hay as I write. Heads are well grown and forward in condition. Hinds have calved well, and the calves are now strong and vigorous and able to follow their mothers anywhere. Three days ago, on the sudden lifting of the mist, I had an unexpected view of a number of hinds with their calves feeding on the sweet

young grass at the source of a hill burn only a few hundred yards distant. The calves were playing together happily, and from time to time running to their mothers for a drink of milk. One of the hinds was still carrying her light brown coat of the past winter, another was handsome in her new red-brown summer dress. With the dropping of the mist the whole fascinating picture faded away. This was on what is known as a "hind forest"—that is, a forest to which stags come only at the approach of the "rutting" season in early autumn. Just previously, in a "stag forest," I had watched stags in their hundreds grazing on the high tops. Their heads, still in "velvet," seemed of excellent proportions, and one fine "royal" gave me, through the glass, a splendid view of him as he lay at ease and turned his head slowly from side to side. SETON GORDON.

## A CHARMING HOME OF THE THOROUGHBRED: THE SOUTHCOURT STUD, LEIGHTON BUZZARD

IT is fitting that in these occasional descriptions of the famous thoroughbred studs of this country inclusion should be made of Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's very fine private establishment at Southcourt, Leighton Buzzard.

It was established by his most popular father, the late Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, during whose time the writer last enjoyed a look round. The horses, of course, were entirely different then. I know I saw St. Frusquin, who was one of the joys of Mr. Leopold's life when in residence at Ascott, near by, and St. Amant, who brought his owner such unfeigned delight on that day of torrential rain and terrifying thunder at Epsom in 1904 when he won the Derby. The mares, too, have moved on. Time passes quickly in the breeding of racehorses. They come and go so rapidly, both the good and the bad, and if the bad seem to linger longest it is because they are so many. Is not that so?

But in other respects the stud is the same. The tiled red-brick buildings and the cool, sequestered paddocks, with more ridge and furrow about them than I have seen in the acreage of any other stud—they are as they have always been since the place was created by the present owner's father. All that he loved best is preserved, but what happily stimulates all associated with it is the knowledge that Mr. Anthony de Rothschild is most keenly interested in what is bred and reared there, and, of course, in those that pass out to his own racing stables at Newmarket. It is this personal enthusiasm which means so very much and without which I venture to say the place would languish. For in these times mere tradition and adherence to it will not suffice. Tradition is valuable as an example and as an ideal, but successful stud management must depend on wakefulness, inspiration, and enterprise. Southcourt is fortunate in these essential things.

The acreage of the stud at the present time is 268 of grass. Before the war it extended to about 300, but some had to

be ploughed up. However, there is more than ample room for the requirements of Mr. Anthony de Rothschild, with his own mares and young stock and to meet the demands of mares visiting the notable sire Galloper Light. For those who are not familiar with its location I may note that it is near Leighton Buzzard station, and that passengers travelling on the London and North Western can look out on one or two of the paddocks and perhaps see in their freedom and at their leisure horses which have either made history on famous race-courses or are probably destined to do so. At least, such is the

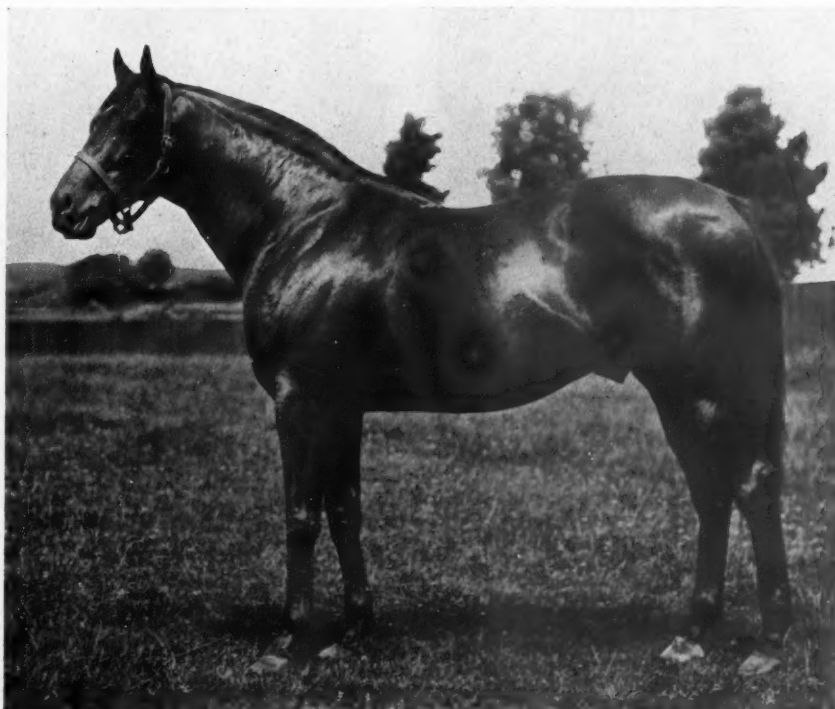
ever-present hope where the young stock are concerned. Every colt is a potential Derby winner and every filly an Oaks winner—until the awakening comes! The trainer is a terrible fellow for breaking sweet illusions.

Two miles or so from the stud buildings is the home of the Rothschilds—at least, of this most respected branch of the family. If there are more beautiful gardens anywhere I do not know them. Castle Howard in Yorkshire has its magnificent avenues of centuries-old trees, and Chatsworth was ever a place of impressive beauty, but these acres of gardens in all the glorious phases of culture and peacefulness are, indeed, ravishing in their splendid charms and infinite variety. In the course of my brief visit to Southcourt and Ascott I found Mr. Anthony de Rothschild captaining an Ascott eleven against a team he was entertaining from the great business hive which the city knows as "Newcourt." What would many a county give to possess a ground so perfect and in such delightful surroundings. It was a perfect day in every sense. While the master was making runs his mares and young stock were lazing and grazing in the gorgeous sunshine in deep, abundant grass. Nature had dressed everything in her loveliest. A visit such as mine is made ideal in such circumstances.

First, there was the sire Galloper Light to be interviewed. I naturally expected to be taken to St. Frusquin's old box, and there re-introduced to a horse that was a splendid performer on the Turf. When they are not being led out for their daily exercise you expect to find stallions at home in their capacious boxes. It has been so at every other stud at which I have visited. Polymelus, in his later days, had a paddock in which he could roam at will, but he was an old fellow then, losing in weight and strength, if not in vitality. Where, then, was Galloper Light? "Oh," said the very efficient stud groom, Kent, "he's in his paddock. He always goes there when the weather is good." And, passing through a high

boarded doorway, we found him alone and supremely happy, the picture of health and contentment, standing nearly knee deep in the grasses and seeing to it that his body should not lack for nourishment.

His man went to him and led him up to us as if he were bringing in the old cart mare after being turned out for a summer night. You will see from his picture that he was wearing just the ordinary head collar which all the mares wear in the open or, indeed, at most times. Mr. Rouch, I think, was particularly astonished to find such a well known and extremely valuable stallion minus a bridle and



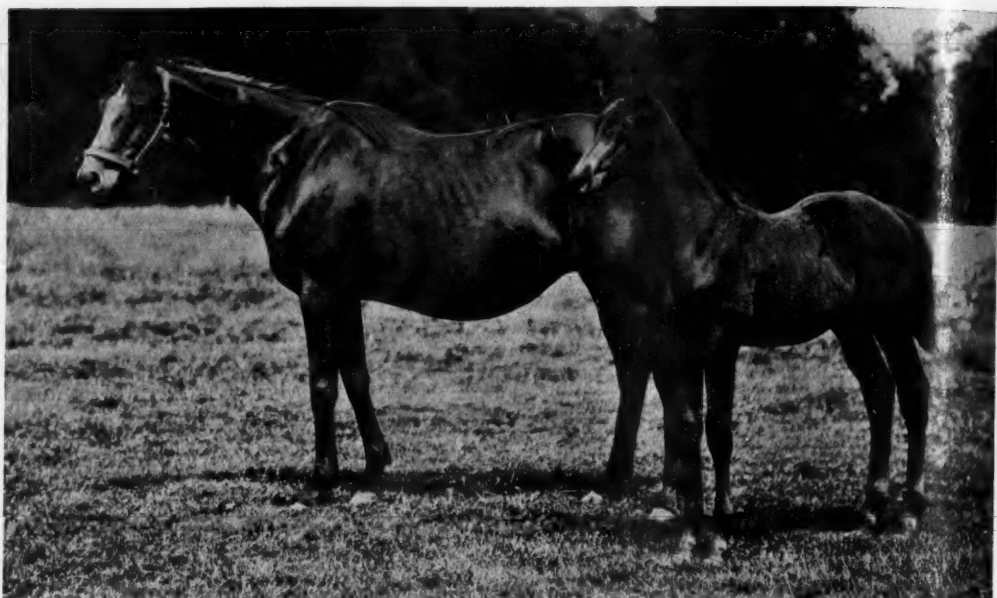
W. A. Rouch.

GALLOPER LIGHT.

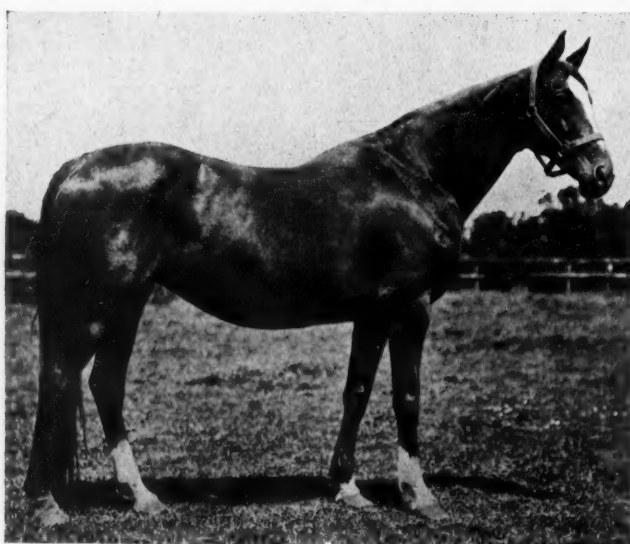
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a chifney. "I think it is the first time," he observed, "I've ever photographed a stallion in just a head collar." And this sweet-tempered horse was just as obliging in submitting to be photographed. He did not want to put his legs in the wrong positions, and in fact he did everything he could to assist in the success of his "picture." What an example to some, especially foals and yearlings! They have no conception of how very important it is they should be properly transmitted with the minimum of time to these pages.

They told me that Galloper Light stands just over 16 hands. I had an idea he was rather bigger, for he always struck me as a particularly well grown individual when I knew him in training. He is a dark brown of the same hard colour as his sire, Sunstar, perhaps rather deeper



DORO AND COLT FOAL BY GALLOPER LIGHT.



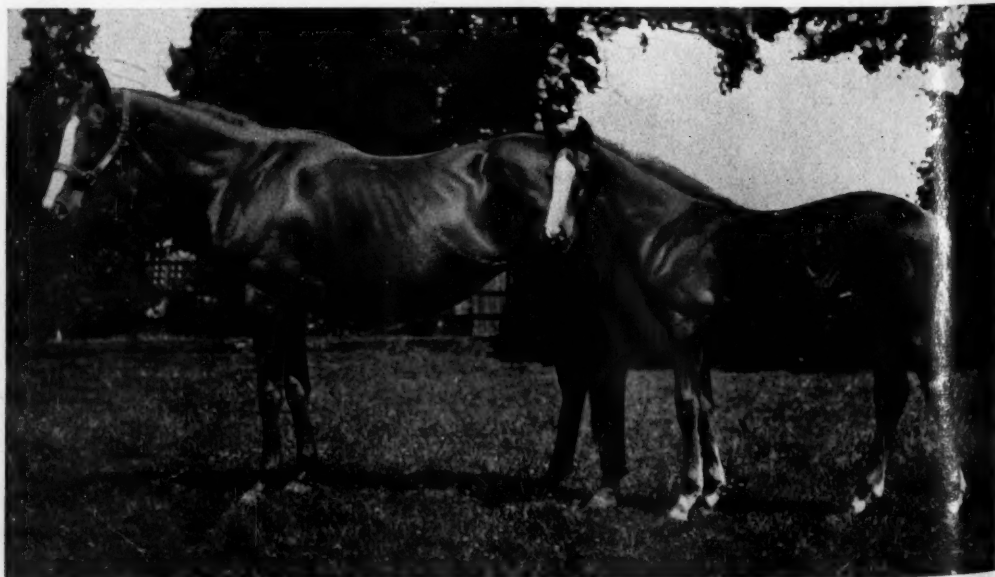
LINDOIYA.

in tone. You will note what good bone he has, and how he stands very truly on his limbs. But what impresses you is his splendid top, denoting, not only balance and true proportions, but power. You will agree, too, that he looks a stallion in character, and no horse could have a kinder and more expressive outlook. I had not seen him since he was very badly kicked at the post at the start of the Doncaster Cup. That was in 1920, and, of course, he was hopeless in the race, which, as it turned out, proved to be his last one. But for that incident I am sure he would have won the Cup.

He is entitled to rank as a high-class horse, and it is not at all improbable, but for his nominations being voided through the deaths of Mr. Leopold de Rothschild and Mr. Evelyn

de Rothschild, that he would have won the Derby of his year (1919). It was as a two year old that he beat The Panther and twelve others at Newmarket, and, after winning again, he ran third to The Panther and Bayuda (winner next year of the Oaks), giving them 10lb. and 16lb. respectively. Then came the sad causes which blighted the three year old career of this good horse, though he was still able to compete for the Grand Prix de Paris, which he won quite easily. He won the Hastings Plate by ten lengths, and the Payne Stakes, giving 8lb. and a beating to Tangiers, who had a most meritorious career. All of which says much for his talents as a racehorse. Some people like him best of all the sons of Sunstar, and it must not be overlooked that that horse to-day is represented at the stud by such well known horses as Buchan, Craig an Eran, Somme Kiss, Skyrocket, Sir Berkeley, and others. I forget whether it was last year or in his first season at the stud, but to show his foal getting proclivities I may mention that he had eleven mares that produced eleven foals, all of which lived with one exception. Seven of the foals were colts and the other three fillies.

I have mentioned that I saw St. Frusquin at this stud, in addition to St. Amant, but the reader unfamiliar with its history may appropriately be reminded at this point of other well known horses that were bred there. Galleazzo, if he was not bred there, certainly used to stand there. He was one of the last of the progeny of Galopin, the sire of St. Simon, and during part of his stud life I have an idea he was located in Italy. Radium was a fine long distance horse that was both bred there and afterwards housed there. He sired Clarissimus, the Two Thousand Guineas winner, and many other winners of note. Pietri and St. Anton were foaled in the same year, and I well remember how the former was at one time regarded as a very likely colt to win the Derby. He did not do so, and I fancy his ultimate destination was South Africa, where he has done well as a sire.



W.A. Rouch.

DOUBLE BACK AND HER GALLOPER LIGHT FOAL.

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Santo the Chest was only Mr. James child's Bay Gold Cup 1909. Lord horse, won Chester C now a sire Baird's stud won Mr. Rothschild Churchill Ascot and of Wales' Newmarket at the Str Stud in Doricles St. Leger done well France, wh recall two mares in C Utica, and named Lac will be seen how the not on highly suc far-reaching influence breed of the bred. St. F immense g ally with he sired.

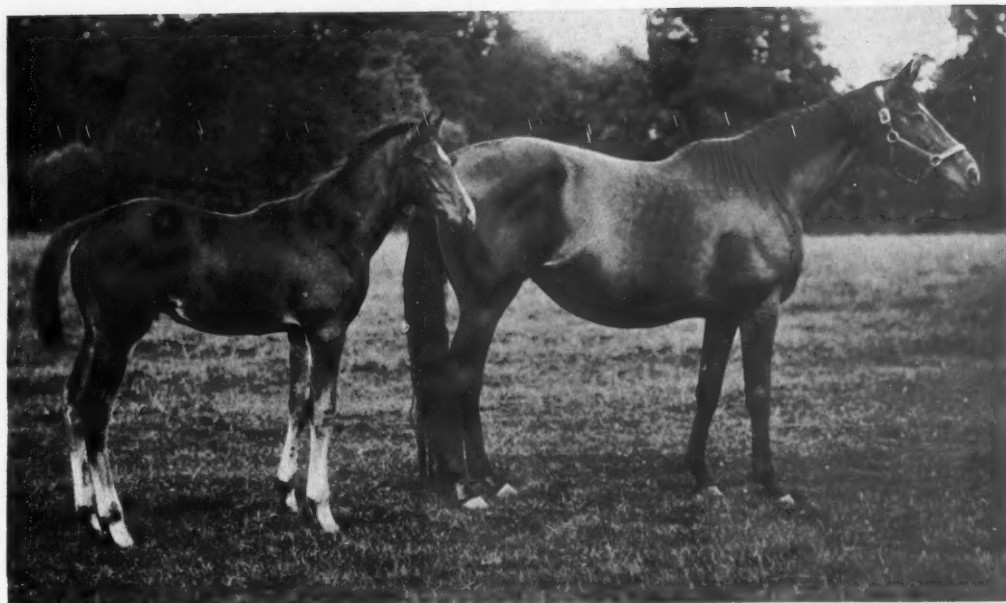
Of the think perha interesting i She is barre She is a che those ch markings w almost alwa by the sire Foaled in r now sixteen Her dam, V by St. Sir Lady Loveru remember a of St. Ama this sort o which is i Now, in 191 bred to Sp filly named chum, whos came up the because she dam of a class three y France. The is to the Ag Pot au Feu, the French I of a big ra early part of t Polly Peach son Hobgobl in-Law, is in now, and winner as a t old. It wou years or so Polly Peach sold to Major about 100 gu the buver in must have re to France. L a lovely mare to have some active and s stud life still a Doro is with a colt Galloper Light a bay, foaled by Cyllene out by Springfield the dam of, others, that c mare Petrea.



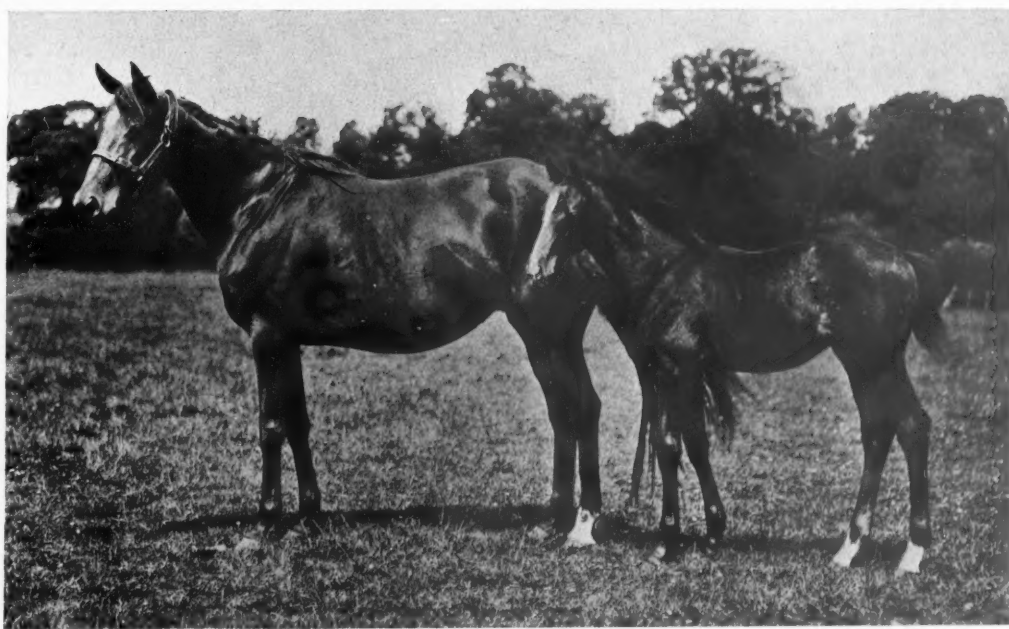
Santo Strato won the Chester Cup, and was only beaten by Mr. James de Rothschild's Bomba for the Gold Cup at Ascot in 1909. Lorenzo, a black horse, won the Manchester Cup, and is now a sire at Mr. J. C. Baird's stud. Triumph won Mr. Anthony de Rothschild the Churchill Stakes at Ascot and the Princess of Wales' Stakes at Newmarket. He is now at the Straffan Station Stud in Ireland. Doricles won the St. Leger, and has done well as a sire in France, while one can recall two very good mares in Goletta and Utica, and a little horse named Lactantius. It will be seen, therefore, how the stud has not only been highly successful, but far-reaching in its influence on the breed of the thoroughbred. St. Frusquin did immense good, especially with the mares he sired.

Of the mares I think perhaps the most interesting is Lindoiya. She is barren this year. She is a chestnut, with those characteristic markings which were almost always imparted by the sire Gallinule. Foaled in 1908 she is now sixteen years old. Her dam, Venus, was by St. Simon from Lady Loverule, whom I remember as the dam of St. Amant. It is this sort of breeding which is invaluable. Now, in 1913 Lindoiya bred to Spearmint a filly named Polly Peachum, whose name came up the other day because she is the dam of a high-class three year old in France. The reference is to the Aga Khan's Pot au Feu, winner of the French Derby and of a big race in the early part of this month. Polly Peachum's big son Hobgoblin, by Son-in-Law, is in training now, and twice a winner as a three year old. It would be five years or so ago that Polly Peachum was sold to Major Fife for about 400 guineas, and the buyer in his turn must have re-sold her to France. Lindoiya is a lovely mare and looks to have some years of active and successful stud life still ahead.

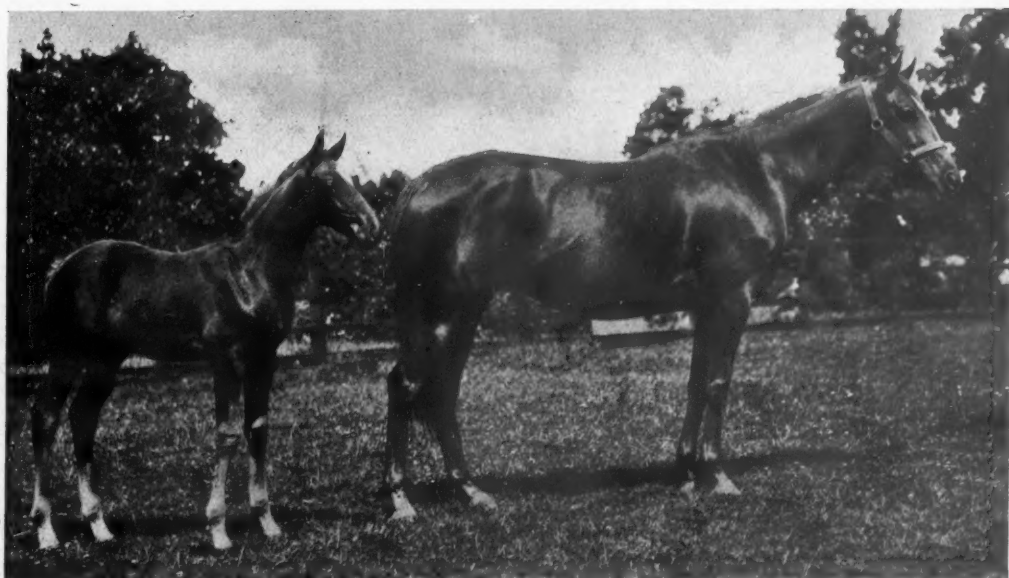
Doro is shown with a colt foal by Galloper Light. She is a bay, foaled in 1906, by Cyllene out of Scene, by Springfield, and is the dam of, among others, that charming mare Petrea, which



TORCHLIGHT AND COLT FOAL BY GALLOPER LIGHT.



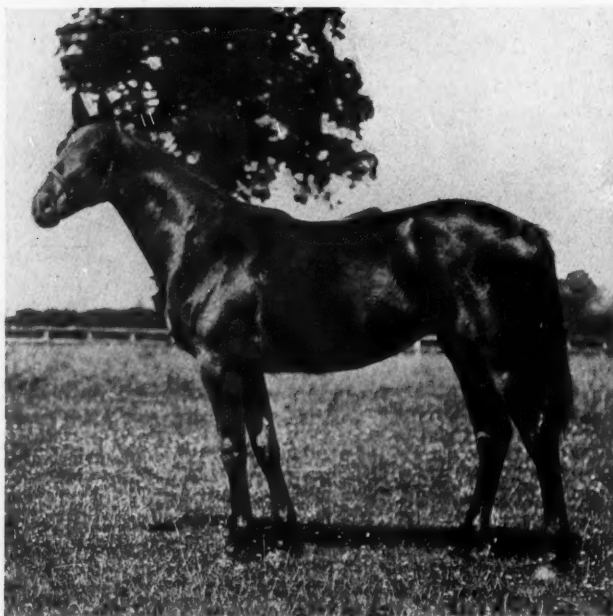
ALMA AND COLT FOAL BY THE TETRARCH.



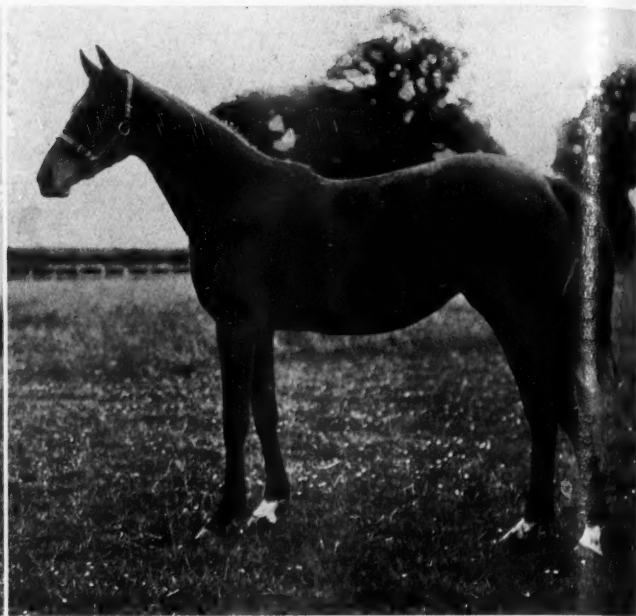
W. A. Rouch.

SIPPET AND COLT FOAL BY PHALARIS.

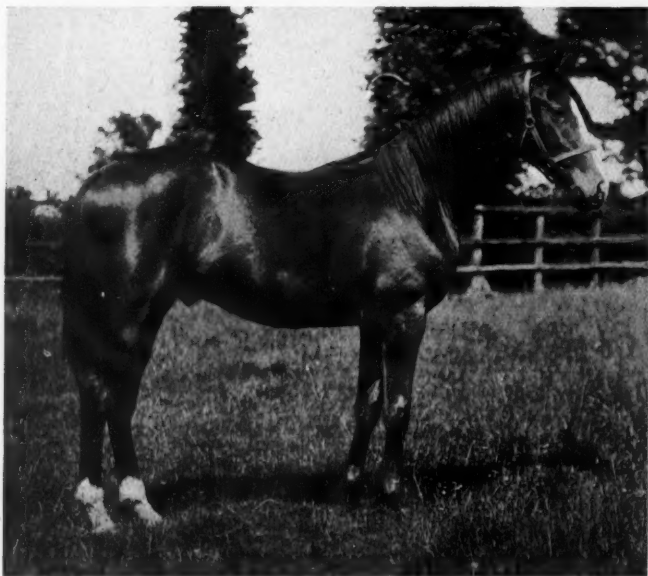
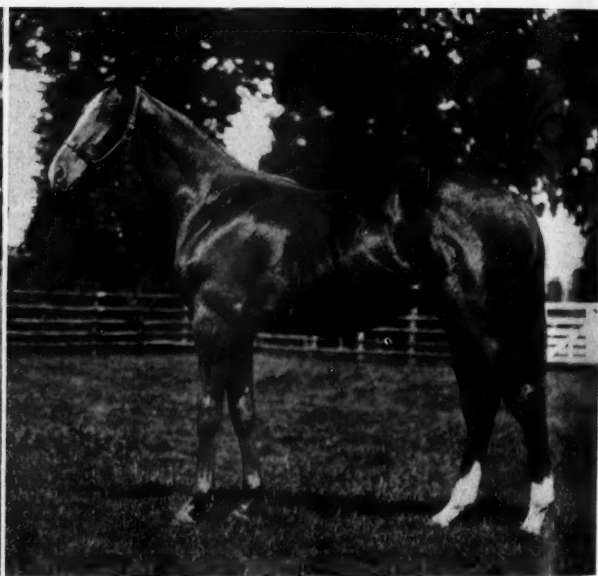
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PILLION, BAY YEARLING FILLY BY CHAUCER—DOUBLE BACK.



ZENOBIA, BAY YEARLING FILLY BY SON-IN-LAW—ZOBISKA.

W. A. Rouch.  
GOODWIN, BROWN YEARLING COLT BY GALLOPER LIGHT—  
LINDOYA.Copyright.  
BATTLE LINE, CHESTNUT YEARLING COLT BY GAY CRUSADER—  
LINE OF FIRE.

was sold for a big sum after doing well for Mr. William Clark and his partner the late Mr. Lionel Robinson. The best known of her progeny running to-day is Arcade, who brought on himself much notoriety by being the only one to beat Mumtaz Mahal as a two year old. Arcade ran his best race this season when winning the Sandringham Foal Plate at Sandown Park. Doro's foal is a sprightly looking young fellow, but then the mare has been a prolific breeder of horses that could win races. Galloper Light foals are also shown with Double Back, Monbretia, and Torchlight. They are all three youngsters of promise such as satisfy the breeder, who has set himself a high standard.

Double Back was bred by Sir M. Fitzgerald, by Bachelor's Double from Will Return, by William the Third. She is of the right stamp, which is good enough reason for her having been acquired for the stud. Torchlight is by John O'Gaunt from Lesbia, by St. Frusquin, from Glare, perfect breeding as will be generally agreed. She was bred by the late Sir John Thursby, and we have her now as the dam of probably Mr. Anthony de Rothschild's best two year old in the colt by Buchan named Linkman. This foal has the stout back and quarters which Buchan seems to give to all the stock I have seen by him. That sire has not had a winner up to the time of writing, but I am sure he very soon will do. Monbretia's foal is a dark brown colt, and shows much resemblance to the horse. Both mare and foal make a most pleasing combination.

I am quite sure there are very few Tetrarch foals in existence and the much wanted grey ones in particular. Let me, therefore, show you one with his dam Alma. The mare was bred by Mr. L. Neumann, and is by Spearmint from Moyglare, by Flying Fox, out of Sirenia, by Gallinule. This is winning blood in these days, and the young Tetrarch by her side now naturally excites much hope. He was a latish foal, and when his first coat is shed he will reveal some of those extraordinary white blotches so

characteristic of the horse and some of his progeny. The mare Sippet is interesting, for she is the dam of Tippler, winner as a two year old of the Woodcote Stakes at Epsom, and likely to do more good in the colours before his racing career is ended. The mare has an excellent foal by Phalaris, very active and full of character. She was bred by the late Mr. Leopold in 1914, by Swynford from Snip, by Donovan, and prior to Tippler she had a winner in Philter.

Any reference to the yearlings must be brief because I have come to the end of my space, but I must note how I saw over a dozen of them, eight being colts and the other five, of course, fillies. Goodwin appealed to me very much indeed for his shapeliness, quality, and conformation. He is a hard brown in colour just as Galloper Light is. The dam is Lindoya. I would describe him as most attractive. One of a different type and yet very likeable is the chestnut by Gay Crusader from Line of Fire. Mr. de Rothschild has called him Battle Line. He has many of the points of Gay Crusader, as, for instance, the lightness of the neck, the slope of the shoulders, and the high poise of the head. Pillion is a delightful bay filly by Chaucer from Double Back. It is really wonderful that Chaucer should go on getting such beautiful stock. This daughter of his shows exceptional quality and looks a racehorse already without being at all set in her lines. Very notable also is the filly by Zenobia by Son-in-Law from Zobiska. Indeed, I do not hesitate to describe her as the best of the fillies, and she might, indeed, prove in time to have been the best of the 1924 crop of yearlings at Southcourt. Others of the yearlings are by Lemberg (from Torchlight), Gainsborough (from Salissa), Rio Herode (from Alma), Torloisk (from Cat's Ear), Diadumenos (from Vivid), and Phalaris again (from Misfit). Naturally I wish such an ideal breeder and owner of racehorses the best of luck both at Southcourt and at Palace House Stables, Newmarket.

PHILIPPOS.

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## CROSSING AFRICA

With My Wife Across Africa by Canoe and Caravan, by Colonel J. C. B. Statham, C.M.G. (Simpkin, Marshall, 12s. 6d.)

COLONEL J. C. B. STATHAM landed himself in a very extraordinary predicament when he decided to spend his honeymoon with his wife in a journey across Africa from Mossamedes to the Victoria Falls. Those who have read his previous book, "Through Angola: A Coming Colony," will realise the true nature of the man. He is an enthusiastic lover of Africa, and his great aim in life is to see it colonised by immigrants from Great Britain. In point of fact, he is an idealist and enthusiast. No one else would have agreed to such a way of spending a wedding trip as taking his wife through an uncivilised and, in large measure, unknown part of Africa. The two meditated a peaceful and picturesque journey by canoe and caravan, but the Dark Continent is nothing if not full of surprises, and they had got no farther than the Kunene before Colonel Statham had an experience that came very near to making a widow of his young wife. After leaving Kapelongo they had camped just beyond the Kunene River, and in the evening Colonel Statham had gone down to its bank to fill the water bags, and he was engaged in giving the bag a preliminary soaking when he noticed a V-shaped ripple approaching and had just time to heave himself up before the crocodile that was making it reached him. Fortunately, although stretched well out on a tree trunk he had his feet on the bank, with one arm gripping a branch above it, and so was able to lift himself up by pulling on the branch. It was touch and go, for the crocodile's approach ended in a rush, and when the rush was finished there was little more than a foot between its jaws and where the colonel's body had been. That was only the prelude to the many strange adventures which were to follow. He waited with his gun for the adversary for a considerable while, but the crocodile did not return.

He tells us of a rich variety of game near the Kunene—elephants, rhinoceros, hippo, buffalo, and the black-faced variety of the beautiful rufous-coated pallah with its graceful lyrate horns. Fortunately, Colonel Statham, although he is ever acknowledging the presence of fear, never was put about so much that he could not observe clearly and closely the natural history of the district in which he was. He tells of a forest pool near the spot already mentioned where he saw a fine display of bird life while waiting to photograph rhinoceros and elephant. Of the birds he mentions in his description, the francolins and guinea fowl came early to drink, and two varieties of sand grouse at dusk. There were also doves, green pigeons, parrots, "go-away" birds, jays, and when darkness came, night-jars and a great horned owl. Again, he never forgets to tell us about the character of the country, as witness his curious and interesting note about the eccentricities of the river Kunene which at one time flowed south and formed the large lake and river system of Ovamboland, of which an old lake bed and a few dried water-courses alone remain. The argument is that it was due to the silting up of its old southerly channel that the Kunene broke away westwards. Nor is he blind to the *comédie humaine*, although what he calls the practical example of it is tragedy. When they were coming near the ruined church of Kassinga the dreadful event occurred. A mission-educated native had clumsily broken an old bottle of port "which the *chef de poste* of Kassinga, our charming host, had opened specially for us. Only those who know Africa and old port will understand this little tragedy."

He was also very near real tragedy when, instead of killing outright a very large and angry ratel, the African badger, which he came across, the bullet just ripped the skin up its back, and the savage little creature, which only weighs about 60lb., attacked him furiously and refused to be quelled by shot. "With his lungs injured and his intestines trailing along the ground, the badger ran me up against a log and I had to fight him with the precious rifle." If a native boy, after at first bolting, had not returned with an axe, it might have been bad for the explorer. He gallantly says, "All the honours of the fight lay with the plucky little beggar now dead at my feet." A curious fact in natural history is that, on examination of the burrow of the ratel, it was found to contain "a hive of those little bees which I have always called the 'suicide fly.'"

We have space for but one more example, which is only an incident in an extremely thrilling story that we must leave the reader to discover for himself:

I must have presented a somewhat lonely and quaint figure, as, clad in my pyjamas and trench coat, I waited in the cold and open moonlit plain for what was apparently to be the rush of galloping troops of heavy and dangerous animals.

True to his word, and with great speed and skill, John got between the forest and the herd, and fired four shots rapidly into them at fifty

to seventy yards. The next moment there was the thunder of heavy hoofs, a noise of snorting and bellowing, and I saw with alarm that I stood almost in the path of the rapidly advancing herd. Within a few seconds the buffalo were a hundred yards from me, and I ran to one side to escape from the mad rush of terrified animals, but, finding myself unable to get clear of their path, fired both barrels at the nearest flank, in order to turn the herd and save myself from being crushed in the stampede. The flash and noise of the heavy .500 cordite rifle and possibly the fact that the buffalo was hit, turned the herd, which galloped by within a few yards, and towards the forest, where they halted for a moment bellowing and stamping their feet, and then rushed off again, leaving the moonlit plain lifeless and silent.

We cannot close this notice, however, without saying a word or two about the thoroughness of the appendices, the first of which deals with "The People of the Mossamedes—Victoria Falls Region." The Bantu Races and the Bushmen are taken separately, and in a very masterly way the essential facts are stated about their grouping and disposition, manners and customs, individual tribes, and so on. The second appendix deals with "The Game Animals and Some Birds of the Mossamedes—Victoria Falls Region," a very useful summary of the species, which are elephant, black rhinoceros, white rhinoceros, hippopotamus, wart hog, bush pig, giraffe, zebra, buffalo and the antelopes, of which a score are mentioned. There are, in addition, notes on water and game birds met on the journey.

A third appendix deals with the physiography, geology and climate. It will be seen, therefore, that the numerous and exciting adventures, of which we have given the merest glimpse, though fascinating to read, are not likely to have the enduring interest of the appendix part of the book, which might be printed by itself as a useful handbook of the natural history, geology and geography of a little known district that is certain to grow in importance.

The Pleasures of Architecture, by C. and A. Williams Ellis. (Cape, 10s. 6d.)

THE best and pleasantest way of learning a language is to go and live abroad "in a family." There you get into touch with the contemporary methods of expression and the everyday outlook of the race, while you can look up the grammar and etymology at your leisure. In this engaging book the reader is admitted, so to speak, *en famille* with one of the cleverest contemporary architects and his pupil—who, needless to say, is his wife. Architecture, more than any other of the arts, is a language in itself. Many, indeed the majority, of well educated people, even the most accomplished, are completely insensible of its significance, and it is for such that this book has been written. They are spared the tedious grammar and extinct forms, and plunge straight into the language as it is spoken to-day. And it is less the language that is discussed than what the masters have been saying. That is the most real of the pleasures of architecture. In the book, perhaps the pleasantest chapter reviews the personalities of some of the greatest architects since the Renaissance, bringing the survey up to gentlemen yet living. There are talks about plans, the movements of last century, the necessity for architectural teaching in schools (as there is of music and drawing), town planning, and a minute description, with sketch, of a typical suburban house of thirty years ago, in which all imaginable horrors have been concentrated. If it is objected that this method has been used a little freely throughout the book, it must be cheerfully admitted that the resulting pleasure justifies the artifice.

Sunshine and the Dry Fly, by J. W. Dunne. (Adam and Charles Black, 5s. net.)

AS the title indicates, the basic feature of this book is the colour, chiefly body colour, of an artificial fly as viewed by a trout through its limited "window" of vision in various lights, in connection with the correct copying of the natural insect in its various stages of development. Mr. Dunne has discovered with regard to a translucent silk body turning apparently black by the oiling process, this result is really due to the blackness of the hook showing through. Hence his remedy, painting the hooks with white enamel. Natural flies, duns, spinners, imagines, etc., and the author's careful research and study of their imitations are touched upon with a master hand. Nor does Mr. Dunne see eye to eye with that eminent authority, Mr. Halford, on some important points. In Chapter XI, "The Trout and the Fly—A Psychological Speculation," the author states that to a trout examining objects passing overhead and looking for the colour effect "which spells fly," resemblance counts first and differences afterwards, thus the trout will concentrate on the former "to the detriment of its attention to the extraneous trappings of gear." This is a bold but, as the author unquestionably proves, a true assertion. The book is charmingly written, its arguments just, and will be of extraordinary interest to the amateur fly tyer. Appendices 1 and 2 deal exhaustively with the feathers, silks, etc., and tying of Mr. Dunne's favourite imitations, and are illustrated by diagrams. *Sunshine and the Dry Fly* is well got up and printed in legible type. Its perusal will prove most engrossing to the more refined trout fishing world.

Patricia Ellen, by Mary Wiltshire. (Mills and Boon, 7s. 6d.)

FIRST novels are "kittle cattle" and prophecy based upon them has a tiresome knack of failing to come true, but even a very cautious reviewer might find warrant in *Patricia Ellen* for unhesitating praise. It is the story of a woman's life, and begins when Patricia Ellen, daughter of the inn-keeper at Avebury meets and marries the young and struggling

artist, Timothy Haddendon. We take leave of her as a woman, almost more elderly than middle aged, who has endured the loss of her husband, struggled for years to maintain their delicate child and protect her from the hardships of poverty, and has even, rightly or wrongly, sacrificed herself in a second and loveless marriage to further that one purpose. Patricia Ellen is a very fine character, one of those rare women who are not only loving and patient, but strong. Although her first husband becomes famous after his death, she herself never rises above the shop-keeping class in a small country town, but I have found her story as moving and as human as that of any Lady Clare Vere de Vere. The description of Wiltshire scenery—the authoress boldly commandeers real houses in real towns for her characters to live in—and some moments in the story, such as the tragedy of Timothy's death, and the final scene between Patricia Ellen and her second husband, deserve special praise, though in the whole book there is very little to suggest the work of a beginner.

*Saint Joan*, by Bernard Shaw. (Constable, 6s.)

MR. BERNARD SHAW has written a very long preface to the printed edition of his play, *Saint Joan*. It occupies sixty-two pages, while the text runs to 114. Those of us who are keenest admirers of the play will be the first to regret that this altogether superfluous preface has been written for it. A play is a work of imagination pure and simple, and it gains nothing by being faithful to any particular version of the facts or characters which the author favours. It is enough for acting if the characters are living and original. We do not honestly think that anyone going to the play would add anything to his pleasure by having beforehand studied this long historical note.

*The World We Laugh In (More Departmental Ditties)*, by Harry Graham. Illustrations by Fish. (Methuen, 5s.)

IT is a pleasure, indeed, to catch again the fluty notes of Captain Graham's lyre. It has for too long been usurped by the musical comedy stage. This collection, though it re-introduces situations and characters with whom we are familiar in the "Perfect Gentleman," yet does so with such graceful urbanity that we are grateful for the opportunity. There is the gentleman who, going to dine—

"At Oxford with a well known Don,  
Forgot to put his trousers on . . .  
He was arraigned by the police  
And charged with Breeches of the Peace."

There are several of those slight perversions of scriptural tags which one hoped for. Thus, of breakfast:

"Peace perfect peace, is found, they say,  
Only with loved ones far away."

And of two girls turned cinema stars:

"Fresh husbands each returning day,  
Hover around them as they play."

Often the delight is given by a subtle use of a cliché: Of the bourgeoisie—

"Whose sole indoor domestic aid  
Consists of (say) a parlour maid."

There is a world of humour in that "(say)." But the three verses of "Love's Handicap" stand out from all the rest, in the vein of Calverley plaintively bewailing that Love—

"Is a word that the bard,  
Finds it daily more hard  
To discover a suitable rhyme to."

## SOME BOOKS RECEIVED.

### ARCHITECTURE AND ART.

*OLD DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE IN HOLLAND*, edited by F. R. Verburg. (The Architectural Press, 25s.)

*A CATALOGUE OF THE PICTURES AT ELTON HALL*, by Tancred Borenius, Ph.D., and the Rev. J. V. Hodgson, M.A. (The Medici Society, £5 5s.)

*OIL PAINTING*, by Harold Speed. (Chapman and Hall, 21s.) A distinguished painter writing on the science and practice of his art.

### FICTION.

*TIME AND TIDE*, by J. C. Snaith. (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.)  
*THE THIRD ROUND*, by "Sapper." (Hodder and Stoughton, 7s. 6d.) More about "Bull-Dog" Drummond.

*THE TWO STRANGE MEN*, by J. Storer Clouston. (Nash and Grayson, 7s. 6d.) A Sinn Fein story by the author of "The Lunatic at Large."

*RUFUS*, by Grace S. Richmond. (Methuen, 7s. 6d.) Two love affairs and a happy ending.

*THE SANDS OF ORO*, by Beatrice Grimshaw. (Hurst and Blackett, 7s. 6d.)

*VAGABOND LOVE*, by Jessie Champion. (The Bodley Head, 7s. 6d.)

### MISCELLANEOUS.

*THE AWAKENING OF ITALY*, by Luigi Villari. (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) A sound and sympathetic study of the Fascist movement.

*THE HISTORY OF THE TEMPLE, LONDON*, by J. Bruce Williamson. (Murray, 21s.) This volume follows the History of the Temple from the Institution of the Order of the Knights of the Temple to the close of the Stuart period.

*RIDING ASTRIDE FOR GIRLS*, by Ivy Maddison. (Hutchinson, 10s.)

*ACROSS THE SAHARA BY MOTOR CAR*, by Georges Marie Haardt and Louis Audouin-Dubreuil. (T. Fisher Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

*BLUE AND OTHER VERSE*, by Charles Edgbaston. (Heath Cranton, 4s. 6d.)

*BLACK BASS AND BASS CRAFT*, by Sheridan R. Jones. (Macmillan, 15s.) Deals with the life habits of the two bass, and angling strategy.

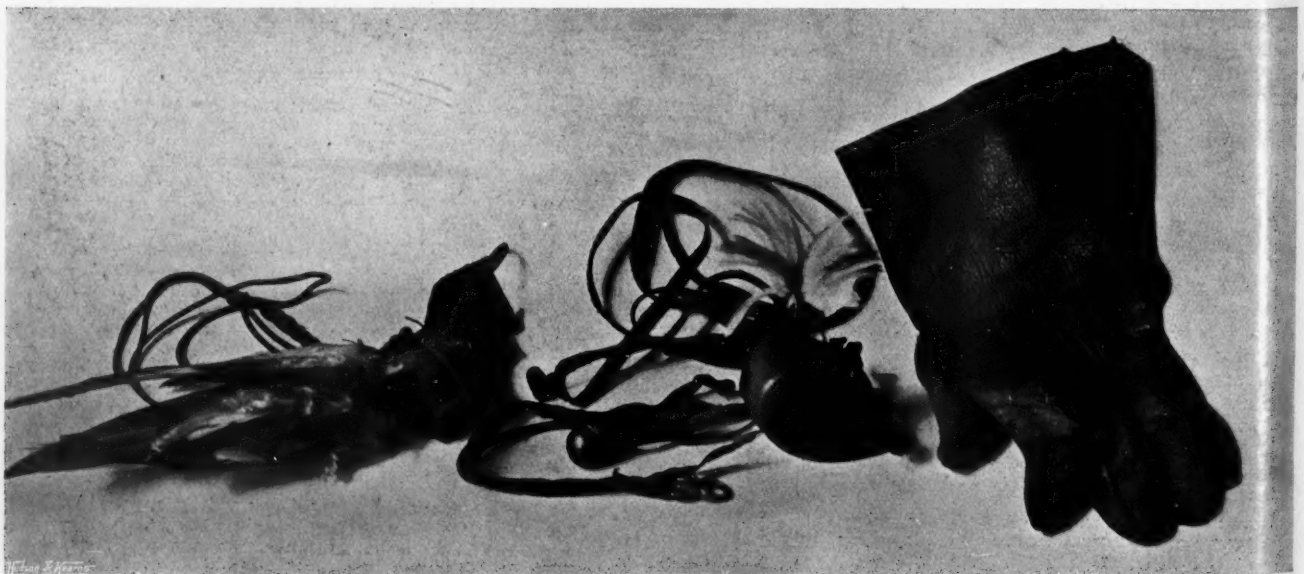
*ROUND ABOUT "THE MITRE" AT OXFORD*, by R. A. H. Spiers. (Published at "The Mitre.") An interesting historical study of the University, City and Inn, with numerous illustrations.

*A PILGRIM IN SPAIN*, by Aubrey F. G. Bell. (Methuen, 12s. 6d.) A book of impressions, dealing particularly with Seville, Cordoba, Granada and Madrid.

## A "PAGEANT OF HAWKING"

IT was a happy idea which induced the committee charged with the preparations for the display at Wembley in late July and August to attempt to reproduce an imitation of falconry in the day when it was most popular in England. Any hope that there could be presented to the eyes of visitors anything like an adequate resemblance of the "pomp and circumstance" with which the courtiers of Queen Elizabeth used to take the field with their equipages of well trained hawks would, under present conditions, have been illusive. But if the pageant had not been enriched by the presence at it of a

representative of the then fashionable outdoor diversion, the public would have been justified in grumbling, and proper allowances would not have been made for the difficulties of exhibiting correctly a sport in which the performers habitually made use of such trappings as jesses, ruffer-hoods, lures, brails, imping-needles, screen-perches and bewits, the very names of which are now not "understood of the people." Queen Elizabeth was not, it is true, so much attached to the sport as her father—whose adventure when his leaping-pole broke under his weight and doused him in an open dyke is so well



HOOD, BELL, LEASHES SWIVEL, BEWIT, DEAD LURE AND GLOVE.





MERLIN BEING CARRIED ON THE WAR-PATH.

known—or her successor on the throne, James I, who preferred, as he declared, hawking, for its intrinsic merits, to hunting, and who was a first-rate performer in both. But her admiration for falconry is attested by the fact that a "muscovite" potentate sent her as a present a falcon that was capable of flying and capturing a quarry so formidable as a crane.

The mere fact that an English officer, born in this country, has trained hawks here and flown them with success, and has appeared with one of his trained falcons on his fist, will correct

the mistaken belief, which is now very prevalent, that falconry is extinct in England. Readers of this paper know that this idea is absurd. But the obstacles and difficulties which confront English falconers are formidable, and threaten to prove fatal. One cause of decay is the ruthlessness with which both hedgerow sportsmen and a great number of gamekeepers, and, it must be added, some landowners and shooting lessees, mercilessly kill in cold blood hawks of all and every kind, even kestrels, whenever they get a chance. One of the consequences is the increase in the crowds of mice and rats



HOODED MERLIN ON FIELD-BLOCK.



HAGGARD PEREGRINE FALCON ON HER QUARRY.

which infest our houses and barns and fields; another is the grouse disease; a third the superabundance of woodpigeons, rooks and crows, starlings and sparrows in the neighbourhood of wheat and barley fields. But the worst foe to hawking men is the egg-stealer, who, tempted by the exorbitant prices now offered by egg collectors, sweeps off almost the whole of the nests made by sparrowhawks and hobbies, and, most of all, merlins. Already it is often impossible for falconers to procure for their own use merlins which, by their intelligence, activity and success, rival the best peregrines, and, moreover, possess this negative merit—that they are not big or strong enough to be flown at game. The committee were wise in not attempting too much. Falconry is essentially a sport, for the proper conducting of which an open space—indeed, generally a large expanse of unwooded and unobstructed down—is required. To put even

a trained hawk on the wing in the sight of anything like a crowd of people or within hearing of any loud noise or music would be at the imminent risk of losing her. To call her off for a few yards with the intention of showing how hawks are brought back from out of sight to the lure would excite the laughter rather than the wonder or admiration of the spectator.

It is well to establish by means of ocular demonstration a belief in the public mind that hawks have long been and still are the cleverest and fastest assistants in an interesting and famous sport, and that it is not a creditable action from any point of view to lend a hand towards the extermination with which they are threatened.

ÆSALON.

[On the previous page we show photographs of present-day hawking on Salisbury Plain, which will prove to visitors that falconry is by no means extinct as yet.—ED.]

## PICTURES of SOUTH AFRICAN NATIVES

BY PROFESSOR HENRY BALFOUR.



1.—A HANDSOME ZULU.



2.—MOSUTO (PASUTOLAND).



3.—BUSH WOMAN (GRIQUALAND WEST).

WHEN I visited the Wembley Exhibition just before it was opened to the public I was greatly struck by the very fine collection of enlarged photographs of natives which is exhibited upon the walls of the South African section. Realising that these photographs are of great interest to ethnologists as well as to others less specially concerned, I felt that it is desirable to

call attention to them while they remain available in this country; and I therefore asked the photographer's permission to publish a few examples. The photographs are the work of Mr. A. M. Cronin, who has devoted much time to securing a representative series of South African native types, industries, etc. Apart from their value to ethnological science, the pictures have an intrinsic interest in their remarkable technique and in the artistry which they exhibit. With the rapid passing away of primitive conditions, such records as are furnished by this extensive collection have a value which

will be permanent. Notably, one welcomes some excellent studies of Bushmen, a race which is now bordering upon extinction. The miserable remnant of this most interesting primitive people, which has been driven from the old hunting grounds into the Kalahari Desert and now maintains a precarious existence in a very inhospitable environment, preserves but few of the characteristics which have awakened so much interest among ethnologists. A race of wild nomad hunters and, perforce, of keen naturalists, they had, above all, developed the art of portraying the animals upon which they depended to a phenomenal extent, which seems out of keeping with the low level of their general culture. Their



4.—AN AMAZULU MOTHER.



5.—NDEBELE SNUFF-GRINDER.

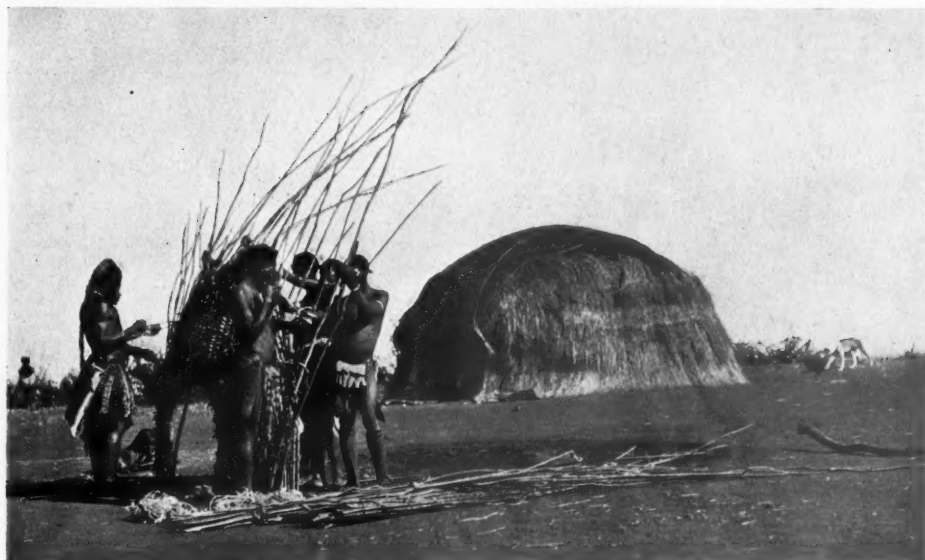


vigorous and realistic renderings of animal form upon rock surfaces not only have great artistic merit, but also have a comparative value, inasmuch as they throw great light upon the art of early Stone Age man in Europe. They help to explain the *raison d'être* of the similar highly developed realistic art of Palæolithic man of 20,000 years or so ago in Central

France and in Spain. Unfortunately, the art of the Bushmen also belongs to the past, since, under the present unfavourable conditions of existence, it is no longer practised. Another chapter in the history of art is closed. We have to regret the passing of the peculiar culture-characteristics which distinguished the Bushman race, a regret which is intensified by the realisation that the details of their life, habits, customs and beliefs were but very imperfectly studied and recorded, and that it is now too late to remedy this effectively. Still, the physical type remains to a limited degree available; and it is a duty to make faithful record of all the pure-blooded survivors of this rapidly vanishing people.

The photograph here reproduced (Fig. 3) of an aged Bushwoman is one of Mr. Cronin's contributions towards this end. The characteristic features are admirably portrayed. The heavily wrinkled skin is due to a life of exposure and is accentuated by the muscle-shrinkage of advancing years. The hair is peculiar, inasmuch as the short, stubby "peppercorn" hair-growth characteristic of the Bushman is partly masked by unusual growth into long, felted ringlets.

The remaining photographs, selected from the very large collection for reproduction here, relate to the Bantu people, later immigrants into South Africa, who, by reason of superior physique and more advanced culture, were able not only to oust the original occupiers of the hunting grounds, but also, to a great extent, to hold their own when the still later and more insidious



6.—AMAZULU HUT BUILDING.

invasion of whites tended further to revolutionise the old order of things in the region and to "open up" the country to civilisation and its sometimes doubtful advantages. Portraits of the once-dominant Amazulu are here shown and emphasise the fine physical type of this branch of the Bantu stock. The man (Fig. 1) exhibits a peculiar hair-dressing motif in the long,

plaited locks; while the perforated ear-lobe serves as a vehicle for an ornamental stud, or as a "pocket" for the snuff-box. The pleasing picture of a Zulu mother with her child (Fig. 4) shows well a very characteristic and fashionable mode of dressing the hair of women, by teasing it out and building up into a high, cone-like structure.

Fig. 2 is of a Mosuto youth of Basutoland. The Basuto are a southern offshoot of the Bechuana people, who probably preceded the Zulu-Kaffir immigrants into South Africa. In Basutoland the branch is well established and unusually well organised and independent, as a result of effective rule under highly gifted paramount chiefs. This youth is engaged in making a basket with the help of a bone hook resembling a crochet hook.

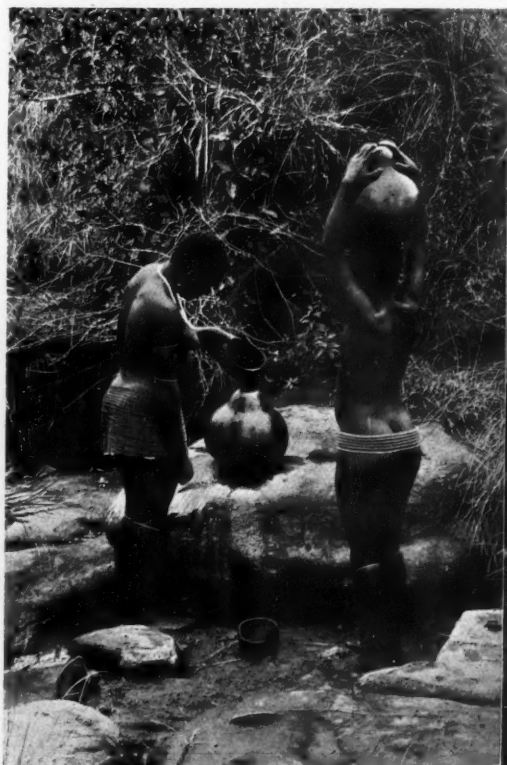
The very attractive picture (Fig. 7) of two young Zulu women filling their water-gourds at a spring shows to advantage the physical characteristics.

Fig. 8 illustrates the manner of braying a cow-skin in Zululand. The skin, tightly strained out, is pegged to the ground hair downward, and the inner surface is pared, scraped and rubbed until the superabundant grease and tissue are removed. Skins are thus prepared for making shields, etc.

The woman shown in Fig. 5 was photographed at Potgietersrust in the northern Transvaal in the act of grinding snuff. Her appliances are a rude saucer-like mortar, made from a fragment of a pottery vessel, and a pebble to serve as a pounder. Most South African natives are great snuff-takers, but the snuff is too coarse and rank to appeal to European tastes.

In Fig. 6 is seen the initial phase in Zulu house-construction. The doorway is the first thing to be erected. The framework of long rods is eventually so constructed as to form a hemispherical structure, like an inverted bowl, which is then thatched over with grass. Frequently the floor of the hut is of earth derived from termites' nest-hillocks and, when well laid, has a beautifully smooth surface, which sets hard and becomes polished by the bare feet of the natives.

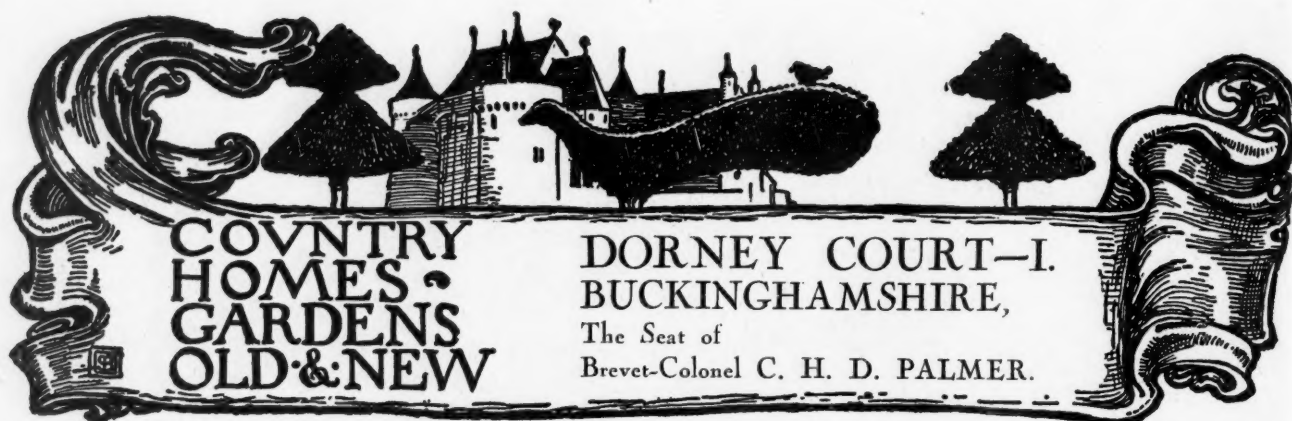
These are but a few "samples" selected from the large and striking series of photographs now exhibited in the South African section.



7.—AT THE WELL (ZULULAND).



8.—BRAYING A SKIN (ZULULAND).



**D**ORNEY is familiar to Etonians but to few others. Tucked away in a peninsula of Buckinghamshire, it is only attainable by an execrable road through Eton—worn for part of its course by the weary feet of competitors in the Mile. But if the name and road were familiar, the Court, set among dense thickets and attained through dark and tortuous ways, was *ne plus ultra*. One caught a glimpse of it through the black woods on some expedition or plodding after the beagles. And then it seemed magical—a faint many-gabled pink house of no palpable form, ethereal and rambling, among carpets and alleys of flowers; and, standing black against the opalescence, were gaunt shapes of yew.

The country round Eton and Slough is plain, not to condemn it as austere. And that particular road from Eton which leads to Dorney, led from the haunt of amenities and beauty into a forbidding region overhung by the blights of ignorance. Leaving behind the homely, if modern, boarding houses and

the old fives courts, one came along undaunted to the cemetery, and, facing its portal, the picturesque pothouse called The Willow Tree, in consideration, one supposed, of the mourners who, interments concluded, weeping repaired thither. Two depressing playing fields lay between the cemetery and "Arches," and beyond Arches loomed the sanatorium, a gaunt Gothic pile, warranted to send any but a juvenile invalid straight back to the cemetery. Thus the way to Dorney grew drearer. The sewage farm, haunt of paper-chasers, who could rely on their pursuers getting safely bogged in its enticing depths, lay close to the next village, and probably the least seductive hamlet in all the county. In Eton Wick it seemed that one had come to the uttermost confines of human habitation. So must the stay-at-home men of old have pictured to themselves the edges of the world. None of their knowledge had ever seen The Edge. Yet they knew that if they went far enough they would at last come to a place beyond which lay—nothing. Such a place is Eton Wick to a good many Etonians.



Copyright.

1.—THE EAST FRONT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Reconstructed after the removal of an early eighteenth century façade.





2.—GENERAL VIEW OF THE RECONSTRUCTED EAST FRONT.



3.—THE NORTH SIDE, SHOWING (ON LEFT) CURIOUS CONSTRUCTION OF THE NORTH-EAST WING.



Copyright.

4.—DORNEY COURT AND CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Yet immediately after, the road cheers up. You cross the sunny and shade streaked meadow of Dorney Common, with Windsor fantastically framed in huge elms. And then the huddled village at the common's edge. It is like a new world, an ocean, a desert, between you and known haunts. Here all

is magical. Beyond the village the House in the Wood is something unanalysable, beyond the ken. The critical faculty does not work.

So, not many years ago, one came upon Dorney.

Adding to this glamour of remoteness and youthful enchantment there is a perplexing obscurity. None know the beginnings of the house. Mysterious in site, it is as legendary in origin. About its lawns and dark galleries, too, hang the delicate scents of old scandals, ever so remote, scarcely perceptible, but sweet. And beyond them, stretching back into the depths of the past, a procession of half-mythical heroes. In such an atmosphere the faculties are lulled from vigilance. The eye accepts all it lights upon as true. Only gradually does the old necessity for suspicion reassert itself.

Here is an enchanting old house—with great hall, timbered and overhanging gables, curious brickwork and fine chimneys. Typical, one would say, of Henry VII's reign. So it is, and so it was in the old days; but intermediately all kinds of unfortunate glosses were put upon the original lines. The east front—now reminiscent of Ockwells and the Horseshoe cloisters—was, from the beginning of the eighteenth century till recent times, concealed behind a brick façade, pleasing enough elsewhere, but quite out of keeping with the structure and traditions of Dorney. Extensive and unfortunate alterations were again made in the eighteen-forties which further obscured the charming original work. The removal of these two deposits revealed much of interest: the original timber framing with its brick filling, and in some cases plaster tinted and scrubbed to resemble brick filling. But it naturally involved a great deal of actually new work. In this, Colonel Palmer was aided by Mr. Aveling, and their work is so sympathetic and skilful that, while no pretence is made of its being old, it is by no means immediately obvious.

Leaving aside the east front (Fig. 2) for the moment, we may look at the north—the original entrance—front which is comparatively original. This (Fig. 3) is a charming range of inconsequent gables culminating to the west in the sixteenth-century brick tower of the church. From old drawings it is evident that the remaining buildings are a mere fragment of the original Dorney. There were very large outbuildings, including a three-gabled gate-house facing the north entrance and flanked by long ranges of stables and offices. At the north-east corner was an octagonal tower with a cupola, from which another range of out-houses stretched for nearly a hundred yards to the south. This range was connected with the north-east angle of the existing house by a wall or range of buildings. The south-west part of the house (Fig. 4) formerly, as now, was built round a courtyard, but the courtyard seems to have been originally much longer, which leads to the supposition that during the eighteenth century the south end



Copyright.

5.—THE EAST FRONT AS IT WAS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

6.—THE FRONT DOOR AND STAIRCASE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."





Copyright.

7.—THE BEDROOM ABOVE THE PARLOUR.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright.

8.—THE PARLOUR.

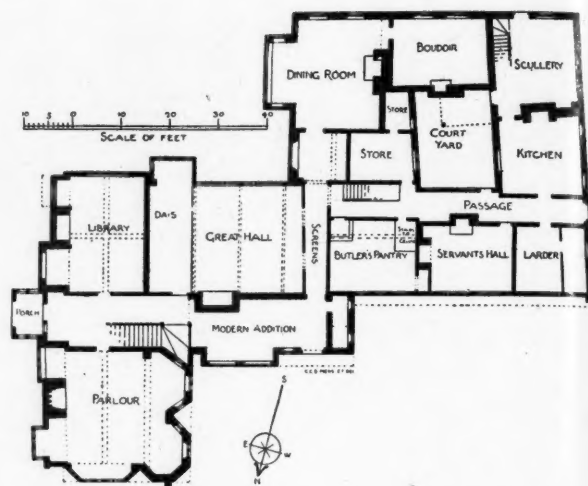
The curious bay windows make this part almost an octagon.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

of it became dilapidated and was replaced by the range containing the present dining-room and boudoir, built nearer north. This south-west portion was originally connected with the south end of the outbuildings, east of the house, by a low wall with a carriage way in the middle, which formed a garden court ornamented with a fountain. About 1700 the east side was converted into the main front with a regular brick façade, hooded porch and pediment, and three tiers of windows. Lipscombe gives a drawing of it as it appeared in the first half of the nineteenth century. At the same time the west side, facing the church and containing the offices, was likewise refaced with Queen Anne accessories. About 1845 and 1899 extensive modifications were made, the most important of which were an addition to the north front of the hall, giving communication from the screens to the east wing without going through the great hall, and an eastward extension of the south block which swallowed up the south porch to the screens. All these alterations have been so very much masked and undone of more recent years that it is extremely difficult to decide what exactly was effected at each time.

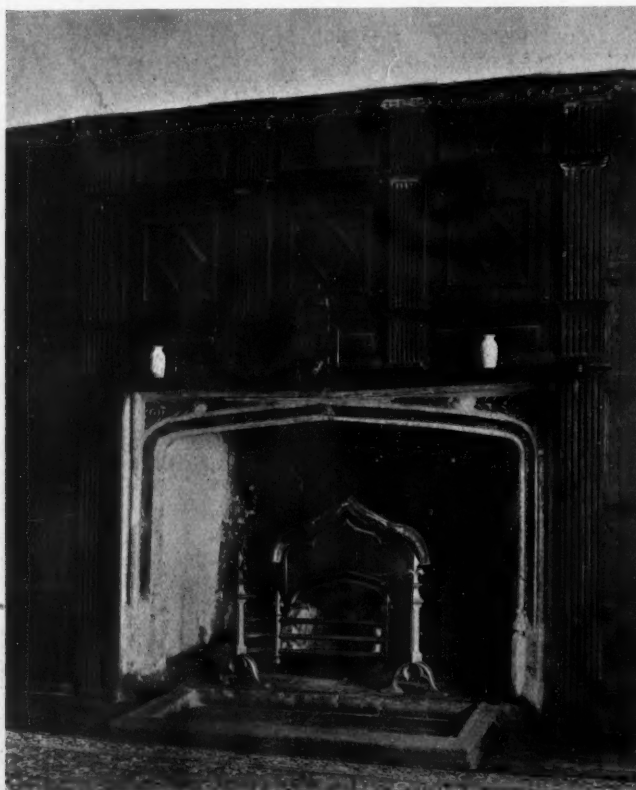
The Royal Commission on Historical Monuments ascribes the approximate date 1510 to the original buildings. As the restorations tend to give them the immediate appearance of greater age, at first one is inclined to suggest that portions may be earlier than that date. But on examination these clues turn out to be modern. Thus practically none of the carved woodwork of the bargeboards is original, which is generally a good guide to date. The work on the soffit of one of the projecting sills on the north front confirms the later date, but the curious woodwork in the angular recesses in the north-east block (Fig. 3) might possibly be of earlier date. The hall, which will be illustrated next week, though very skilfully restored, and provided with a magnificent mid-fifteenth century fireplace, is probably of the early sixteenth century.

The immediate comparison of Dorney is, naturally, with Ockwells, situated just the other side of the Thames. A friendly rivalry has for many years existed between the owners of the two places. Ockwells, quite certainly, was built between 1460 and 1467 by Sir John Norris, Master of the Wardrobe to Henry VI. Dorney's history at that date is wrapped in obscurity, whence it does not emerge till considerably later. After the Conquest the bare fact is recorded that the land belonged to one Milo Crispin. In 1430 the manor and 103 acres were conveyed by Thomas Carboneth to John Scott, from whom it passed by marriage to Richard Kestwold. In 1504 the Kestwolds sold it to Sir Robert Lytton for 500 marks, and in 1513 William and Thomas Lytton sold again, subject to the life of Thomas Lytton, to Richard Hyll. Next year Thomas disposed of his life interest in the estate also, for £40 and an annuity of £20, on the condition that the use of certain rooms in the

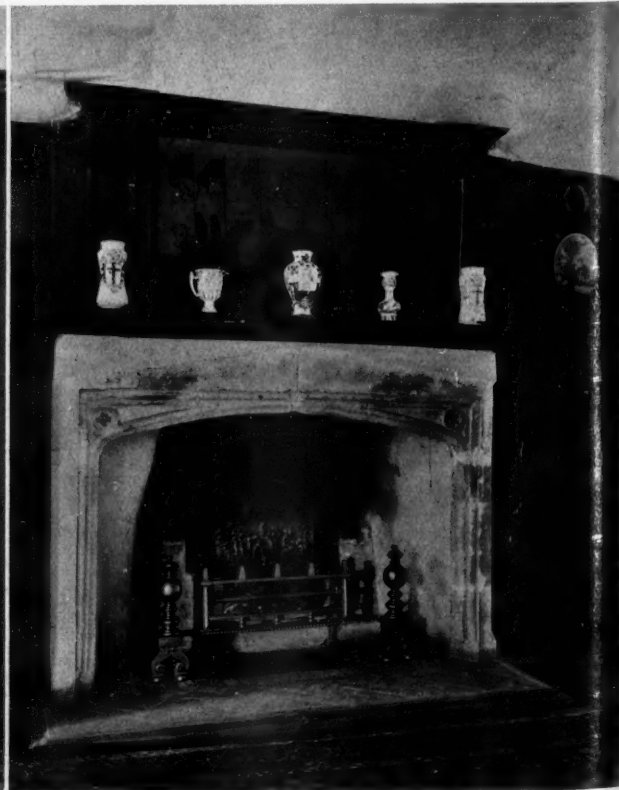


9.—PLAN (FROM THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON HISTORICAL MONUMENTS).

mansion house should be reserved to him. This is the first reference to a house being here, which, from the curious terms made by Thomas Lytton, would seem to have been of some size. In 1537 James Hyll sold the manor and 600 acres to Sir William Gerrard, Lord Mayor of London in 1555, who was buried in St. Magnus' in 1571. In the visitation pedigree this Sir William is not actually subscribed "of Dorney," that being reserved for his son, also Sir William. But it seems impossible for the younger man to have bought an estate so early as 1537, when it is unlikely that he had yet been born, since he did not die till 1607. The Gerrards or Garrards were wealthy grocers and connected with the richest commercial families. The elder Sir William's elder son, Sir John, was Lord Mayor in 1601, and William married the daughter of Sir Thomas Roe, Lord Mayor in 1568, and son-in-law to Sir Thomas Gresham. Lady Gerrard's brother, another Sir Thomas Roe, was the famous ambassador to the Court of the Moguls who procured the concession that founded the East India Company. One branch of the family had land in the Chalfonts, and it seems probable that Gerrard's Cross may have got its name from them. When the second Sir William died he left two daughters and a son. The son, George, seems to have suffered from some disability, since he did not succeed to the estate and was master of Sutton Hospital. One daughter married Sir John Kidderminster of Langley, who built the famous library and pew at Langley Church and also erected



10.—A PAINTED STONE FIREPLACE.



11.—THE OVERMANTEL (CIRCA 1680) PAINTED WITH PALMER ARMORIALS.



a fine chapel and monument to the memory of his father-in-law (Fig. 14). The other daughter married Sir James Palmer and carried the place to the family, with whom it has remained ever since.

It seems probable that the greater part of the existing house was built by the Lyttons during their tenure from 1504 to 1514, though it is possible that the west block, enclosing the courtyard, was a reconstruction of an earlier building. The appearance of these three western gables is picturesque in the extreme (Fig. 3), their closely timbered upper storey filled with brick nogging, rests on a deeply moulded beam, and overhangs the ground floor by nearly three feet. This is all original, except where it has been necessary to fill up bonding holes, made in the eighteenth century when the walls were faced with brick. On the first floor is an oriel window of which the sill on its underside is carved with lozenges. This front originally ran up to the north porch and was continued eastward by the wall of the hall. The additions, however, enveloped the porch and masked the hall wall. The old hall door and doorway were worked in, the former being a fine piece of joinery and ironwork of its date. Sketches show the porch surmounted by an early eighteenth century bell-cot.

The east front (Fig. 2), as has been pointed out, is a reconstruction, yet it retains certain original features. The porch and doorway are introductions from elsewhere, but the position of the bay windows is authoritative, while the great chimney towards the south end of the front is practically intact. The stack surmounting it is original, and has a star-shaped section similar to one above the west gables of the north front. The front is of old small bricks with a diaper pattern picked out in blue bricks. Near the south end one of the gables is ornamented by a group of small narrow recesses with plaster backs and sunk spandrels, the purpose of which, if any, is not clear.

The north end of this front contains, on the ground floor, the parlour, and above it a bedroom. Most of the parlour panelling is an importation, though a few linenfold panels are incorporated which were found embedded in later accretions. It is recorded that in about 1845 many panels were found with heraldic painting upon them, but too far gone for preservation. This was further confirmed during alterations in 1905. The panelling of the bedrooms is entirely original, having been found behind paper and paint. The



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12.—GALLERY (1634) AT WEST END OF CHURCH.

"C.L."



13.—SIXTEENTH CENTURY TOWER, AND THE PORCH DATED 1661



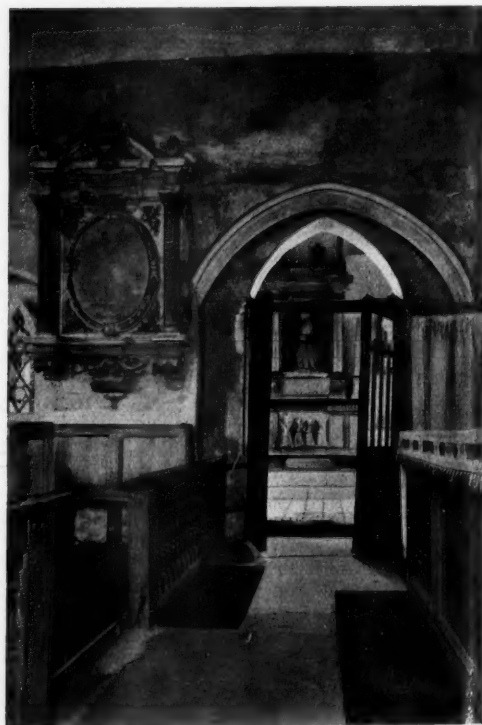
14.—MONUMENT TO SIR WILLIAM GERRARD. DIED 1612



15.—FROM THE ALTAR STEPS, SHOWING LOWERED PALMER PEW BEYOND CHANCEL ARCH

back of the fireplace in the parlour has a number of narrow shafts to improve the draught, an unusual and original detail. The north-west corner of the parlour is formed by the bay windows as a demi-octagon, a curious variation from conventional plan. The stairs (Fig. 6) are a relic of the 1700 alterations.

The church lies the other side of a narrow lane to the west of the house, and its red tower and roofs add to the group formed by court and outbuildings. Though subsequent centuries have not passed passively by, the church retains to a remarkable extent its appearance in Jacobean times, when the Palmers seem to have emulated their relatives, the Kidderminsters of Langley, in work on the fittings. Parts of the building are of Norman and later work, the brick tower having been rebuilt in about 1530. The south porch, reminiscent of some at Langley Almshouses, is dated 1661. The west end is filled by a gallery of delightful design, combining grace with country massiveness. On the front is inscribed "Henry Felo 1634." A gate is fitted to the head of the stairs. Beyond the base of the fifteenth century rood screen are a series of excellent early sixteenth century seats in the chancel. From



16.—LOOKING INTO THE GERRARD CHAPEL FROM THE CHANCEL.

beside the altar an archway with double gates gives in to the Gerrard Chapel, constructed during the seventeenth century for the reception of the monument of Sir William, which was placed there presumably by his son-in-law, a noted beautifier of churches, Sir John Kidderminster of Langley, whose name appears in the centre of the base of the monument.

Just west of the chancel arch are the remains of Sir James Palmer's great pew, which was adjudged by the visitation of 1634 to be of indecent altitude, being "three yards high or thereabouts" and was accordingly cut down to its present dimensions. Here again comparison may be had to Sir James' brother-in-law's pew in Langley Church, which was equally high and elaborately decorated. The Kidderminster pew, however, has small windows. This mixture of work gives the church a feeling of continuity of life not often found. Next week we shall attempt to trace the similar and much more real continuity that distinguishes the history of the Palmers at Dorney Court.

CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY.



## THE NEWER CHINESE LILACS

THE introduction of a number of Chinese species of syringa by Mr. E. H. Wilson has added several very interesting and distinct shrubs to our gardens. They will not only be useful subjects for May and June flowering, but they possess valuable features which the hybridist will find deserving of attention.

There seems to be no question of doubtful hardiness with any of them, and they are thriving well when given the usual treatment accorded hardy shrubs in our pleasure grounds and shrubbery borders.

Attention to details of trenching the ground, mulching, with pruning and thinning the shoots after flowering, is abundantly repaid by the free growth and flowering of the bushes.

The fragrance of the varieties of the common lilac in May and early June is expressed in verse by the poet. There is some fragrance to the flowers among the newer introductions, but there is none of outstanding merit. In breeding new varieties, may I suggest that attention should be paid to this important feature and some of the best scented common lilacs used for crossing with the subjects of these notes?

### PROPAGATION.

Seeds, cuttings and layering provide ready means of increasing the Chinese lilacs.

Seeds sown in early spring germinate freely in pans filled with sandy soil when placed in a cool greenhouse or frame. The raising of seedlings is only of importance when the transport of cuttings, or rooted layers, is not practicable or easy: as, for example, the sending of seeds by post from one country or continent to another.

Cuttings supply the best means of freely increasing the species of syringa. A larger percentage can be rooted successfully than is usual with the named varieties of the single and double flowered lilacs. Three types of cuttings may be employed, these being named in their order of importance and value: (1) half-ripe or even rather soft young shoots inserted in a close propagating frame during July, using sand for preference as a rooting medium; (2) fairly firm young growths inserted in sandy soil on a west border during August and September, covering with a hand-light or cloche; (3) cuttings, 9ins. to 12ins. long, made of firm young wood in late autumn and inserted on a sheltered border outside.

Layering may be described as the simplest and most certain means of propagating lilacs. In tree and shrub nurseries bushes known as "stools" are grown specially for the propagation of lilacs by layering. When only a few plants, however, are required, it is a simple matter to layer one or two of the lower branches. A convenient length for the fixing of the stems in the ground is some 12ins. to 18ins. from the ends of the shoots. Several methods are adopted in practice to interrupt the flow of sap and induce the production of roots. Twisting or abruptly



THE ROSY LILAC BLOSSOM OF SYRINGA SWEGINZOWII.

bending the branches at, or nearly at, right angles so that the bark cracks, is sufficient in the case of lilacs to induce free rooting. It is very important to fix the layers firmly in position, either with large pieces of stone, which help to conserve moisture, or use substantial wooden pegs. Cover with a sufficient depth of soil and give in addition a liberal mulch of old hot-bed manure to keep the buried stems constantly moist.

### SOILS AND POSITIONS.

A medium loam trenched 2ft. deep and enriched with farm-yard manure may be described as the ideal soil for the species of syringa or lilac. Cow manure is valuable for light soils. Lime rubble from a builder's yard should be dug into heavy ground before planting, an open soil being even more important for the Chinese lilacs than for the garden varieties of the common lilac.

The ideal positions I have in mind for large plantings of these newer lilac species in the pleasure grounds are large beds or borders in sunny positions, sheltered in cold districts from the north and north-east. In planting, allow each bush ample space to develop, especially in the case of the vigorous-growing species. To obtain good trusses of flowers well developed ripened wood is essential. The ground between the plants may look bare for the first year or two, but this can be effectively cropped, if need be, with annuals for a couple of seasons. After flowering, cut out the old inflorescences and some of the weaker shoots where the growths are crowded. A mulching of well rotted manure may follow with advantage.

Planted singly as lawn specimens, *S. tomentella*, *S. reflexa*, *S. Julianæ* and *S. pinnatifolia* may be quoted as forming distinct and shapely bushes.

*S. Julianæ* was first introduced from Western China by Mr. E. H. Wilson in 1900. Forrest's Nos. 14 and 157 and Farrer's No. 309 are also this species, from the latter of which the spray supplying one of the illustrations accompanying these notes was cut. It is one of the smaller-leaved lilacs, and, if so trained, forms a shapely specimen 6ft. to 8ft. or more in height, with a central stem clothed with many small panicles towards the end of May or early in June, as happened this deferred season. The colour is a dainty violet-purple; the individual flowers have a notably long corolla tube. To the late Mr. Reginald Farrer we are indebted for the introduction of the white form, among his No. 309 being several distinct-looking bushes which when they flowered proved to be *S. Julianæ* var. *alba*, illustrated herewith. This happens to be a long narrow inflorescence, the best on the bush at the time, though actually the two are alike in growth, differing only in the colour of the flowers and young wood; the shoots being purplish in the type and pale green in the variety *alba*.

*S. Komarowii* is a vigorous-growing lilac up to 15ft. or 16ft. in a wild state, with leaves on the luxuriant shoots 6ins. or 7ins.



SYRINGA JULIANÆ, ONE OF THE SMALLER-LEAVED LILACS.

long and 3ins. to 4ins. wide. It has a rather long, narrow inflorescence closely set with dainty lilac-pink blossoms. Mr. Wilson first found this species in 1908 when collecting in Western Szechuan (W. 1217), and again in 1910 (W. 4407). Wilson's No. 4304, also collected in 1910 in the same region, was at first described as *S. Sargentiana*, but it is now regarded as a variety of *S. Komarovii*, having only slight botanical differences; the bushes flowering with us have darker reddish purple flowers.

*S. Potaninii* is named in compliment to the Russian, Potanine, who, I believe, was the first to collect this lilac in Kansu about 1885. The plants cultivated in British gardens are from Western Szechuan, where Mr. Wilson collected seeds in 1904 and again in 1908. He gives the ultimate height in a wild state as from 9ft. to 12ft. It has rather larger leaves than *S. Julianæ*, which the bushes somewhat resemble. The rosy-purple blossoms are freely borne in May. A very good subject for a lawn specimen.

*S. pinnatifolia*. Of all the Chinese lilacs this is the most distinct. The small panicles of pale lilac tinted blossoms are pretty in May; but it is as an elegant foliage shrub that this pinnate-leaved lilac will be most valued in gardens. A deciduous shrub, inclined to be spreading more than upright in habit, it is a distinct addition to the border of interesting shrubs and useful as a small lawn specimen. The long, vigorous young shoots may be effectively arranged in vases of some flowering shrubs when their own foliage is not available.

A native of Western China, Mr. Wilson first introduced the pinnate-leaved lilac in 1904 from Western Szechuan. He also found it again during his 1908 and 1910 journeys.

*S. reflexa* is the subject of a recent figure in the Botanical Magazine, Tab. 8,869. In its arching or semi-pendulous inflorescences, this Chinese lilac is distinct from any other species. The purplish or dark rose blossoms, which open to a much lighter shade, are closely packed in a narrow cylindrical inflorescence up to 5ins. or 6ins. long. The bushes are vigorous in growth, 12ft. to 15ft. or probably more in height, with leaves on the vigorous shoots up to 6ins. long and half as wide. The flowering season is June. Mr. Wilson collected *S. reflexa* during three of his journeys in Western Hupeh, 1901, 1907 and 1910, the spray figured being from a bush, Wilson 4460 of 1910.

*S. Sweginowii*. As an attractive flowering shrub I would give this lilac a high place among the useful additions of recent years. It is not so vigorous as some; the average bush will probably be somewhere about 8ft. to 10ft., with oval leaves 2ins. to 4ins. long and half as wide. As represented in the illustration the flowers are borne in a longish narrow panicle from about 6ins. to 12ins. The blossoms are pale rosy lilac in the bud and open to flesh colour with a slight fragrance. June is the flowering season of this lilac from North-western China; the spray illustrated being Mr. Wilson's No. 4080, collected during 1910 in Western Szechuan.

*S. tomentella* is a tall, fast-growing lilac forming a large bush on a lawn, and a very good shrub for large beds and borders in the pleasure grounds. The name *S. Wilsonii* was given to



SYRINGA REFLEXA, THE MOST DISTINCT OF CHINESE LILACS.

this lilac when first introduced by Mr. Wilson from Western Szechuan in 1908; but it was afterwards found that the same shrub had been previously discovered by Pratt and named *S. tomentella*. The large open panicles of dainty pale rose blossoms are freely produced at the end of May and early June. Readily propagated by cuttings in June, *S. tomentella* is a good flowering shrub for town gardens.

*S. yunnanensis* is not so vigorous with us as the last-named, and is readily distinguished by the whitish under-surface of the leaves. Two bushes flowering this year early in June with pale rosy-lilac blossoms were very pleasing.

A considerable number of hybrid lilacs are reaching this country from France. "*Lutèce*," *S. Josikaea* × *S. villosa*, raised by Mr. L. Henry, is a vigorous, free-flowering bush with very showy rich violet-purple blossoms. Among a number from M. Lemoine, *S. vulgaris* × *S. Giraldii*, "*Lamartine*," in particular promises to be a useful addition to our gardens. A. OSBORN.

#### CORRESPONDENCE.

##### CALIFORNIAN POPPIES.

SIR,—The other day I saw a very pleasing colour scheme in the Royal Botanic Gardens, Kew, and I hope that the following notes will be of interest to your readers. Near the T Range—the houses which contain orchids, stove and greenhouse plants and the giant of water lilies, the Victoria Regia—is a dry bank, and on the top of this is a long border of eschscholtzias, over which, trained on chains, are pink, red and white rambling roses. The brilliant colours of the eschscholtzias blend admirably with the roses, making a picture not easily to be forgotten. Although strictly perennial, eschscholtzias—or, to give them their popular name, Californian poppies—are generally grown as hardy annuals, a mode of cultivation which gives very gratifying results. For bedding purposes the genus eschscholtzia affords some striking varieties which are conspicuous from afar. During the past few years many beautiful varieties have been introduced, and these, or some of them, should find a place in every garden, large or small.

The border referred to above is on a dry bank, fully exposed to the sun. Here the plants are growing in poor sandy soil. This poppy is not fastidious as regards soil and position, and, above all, it is a drought-loving plant. Seed should be sown during April where the plants are to flower and the resultant seedlings well thinned out. Apart from their value as bedding plants and for banks, they are equally useful as border plants. They should, on account of their habit, be planted at the front of the border. The Californian poppies provide excellent cut flowers for house decoration, but this, unfortunately, is not so generally known as it should be. It is best to cut the blossoms early in the morning before the buds expand. They will then last for several days in water. The varieties differ little in height, which averages about a foot. The colours range from orange-crimson, golden yellow, purplish carmine, to creamy rose. Besides the many beautiful named sorts, mixed seed may also be obtained. Apart from the varieties the species are exceedingly attractive. Among these are californica (pale yellow), crocea (orange), and its many varieties.—G. H.

##### RHODODENDRONS IN CLUMPS.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of rhododendrons taken near the west end of the lake on the Heisel estate, the Berwickshire estate of Lord Horne. There are acres and acres of them; among them are some large azalea bushes. These bushes as seen in the illustration are not several planted to make a clump, but single plants, many of them standing 15ft. or more in height. This lovely



FINE GROUPS OF OLD HYBRID RHODODENDRONS AT HEISEL.



spot is about one mile from Coldstream and is open to the public at any time.—NICHOLAS FURNESS.

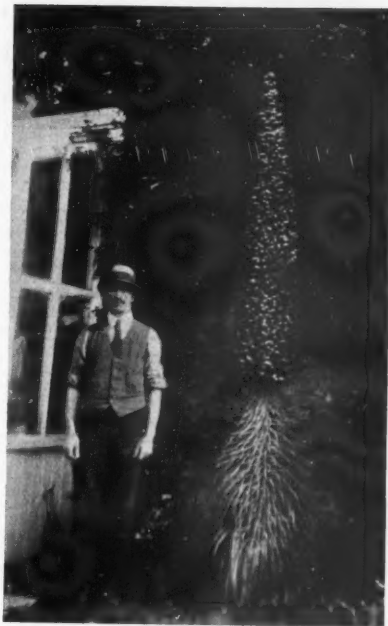
#### GROWTH OF THE ECHIU IN IRELAND.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of an echium, grown in my garden at Walworth, County Londonderry. It is remarkable that this plant should have attained such dimensions, almost twelve feet high, so far north, as it is a native of south-eastern Europe. The echium flowered during May and June. The enormous flower spike is of a soft bright rose-pink, surmounting the light grey-green velvety foliage. The plant grows from a very small seed and is a biennial. Mr. Warke, the gardener, who is standing beside the plant, is over six feet tall.—W. A. INGRAM.

#### POPULAR BOTANIC NOMENCLATURE.

SIR,—There is probably no flower that is endowed with a greater number and variety of endearing and amatory names than the common pansy, *Viola tricolor*. Prior says of it that "its habits of coquettishly hanging its head, and half hiding its face, as well as some fancied resemblances in the throat of the corolla, have led to many quaint names in our own, and in foreign languages." Here are a few of the names—some of them, as will be seen, consisting of entire phrases—which have come under my own observation in Scotland and England:

"Cull-me"; "Cuddle-me-to-you"; "Tickle-my-fancy," and "Tittle-my-fancy" (these last two are evidently rhyming names in the manner of a sort of slang that was common among thieves and vagabonds in the East End of London half a century or more ago; "Kiss-me"; "Kiss-me-love"; "Kiss-me-over-the-garden-gate"; "Kiss-me-John-at-the-garden-gate"; "Kiss-me-quick"; "Jump-up-and-kiss-me"; "Meet-



A TWELVE-FOOT ECHIU.

name at all call this plant only, the "Forget-me-not," and it must have been shortly after this that it was attributed, with the pretty story of the drowning lover, to the more beautiful and charming flower by which it is now generally known. The *Myosotis palustris*, previous to that date, was popularly known in England as "Mouse-ear," or "Scorpion-grass."—W. S.

her-in-the-entry-kiss-her-in-the-but-tery"; "Three-faces-under-a-hood"; "Pinkney-John"; "Heart's-ease"; and "Love-in-Idleness," the name by which it was known and twice used by Shakespeare:

"Yet mark'd I where the bolt of Cupid fell:

It fell upon a little western flower,—  
Before, milk white; now purple with  
love's wound—

And maidens call it Love-in-Idleness."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream,"  
Act IV, Sc. 1.

"But see: while idly I stood looking on,  
I found the effect of Love-in-Idleness."

"The Taming of the Shrew," Act. I, Sc. 1.

I may say that while I have heard all of these names applied to the pansy, I have also heard some of them given to other flowers as well. It is interesting to note that Shakespeare himself invented an additional name for the pansy, "Cupid's-flower":

"Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower

Hath such free and blessed power."

"A Midsummer Night's Dream,"  
Act IV, Sc. 1.

A curious instance of a poetic flower name which had an origin far from poetic is that now commonly given to *Myosotis palustris*, the forget-me-not. This name was formerly given to the ground pine, *Ajuga Chamepitus*, on account, as was said, of the nauseous taste that it leaves in the mouth. All botanical authors up to the year 1821 who mention the name at all call this plant only, the "Forget-me-not," and it must have been shortly after this that it was attributed, with the pretty story of the drowning lover, to the more beautiful and charming flower by which it is now generally known. The *Myosotis palustris*, previous to that date, was popularly known in England as "Mouse-ear," or "Scorpion-grass."—W. S.

## EASIER GOLF

BY BERNARD DARWIN.

I DID not invent the title of this article for myself. It does not, as you might imagine, betoken a diatribe against the rubber-cored ball and a lament over the vanished difficulties of the gutty. I just "cribbed" it from somebody else. It is the title of Jack White's new book, lately published by Messrs. Methuen, and it is, as you must admit, a most seductive one.

Yet it is hardly the title I should have expected from this particular author. Jack White is, perhaps, the best golfing coach in existence. At any rate I believe there is no better. A great many golfers fly to him when they are off their game in blissful confidence that he will be able to "put them right." He is extremely observant and takes such a perennially youthful interest in the game that the worst shot of the worst player in the world can hardly bore him. But I have never thought of him as a player who made golf easier for himself. He is, as regards his own game at any rate, a dealer in subtleties and fine shades. He has always been discovering new things. He has never been satisfied just to go slap ahead in the simplest way and to keep on doing it: he has been by instinct and temperament a player of individual strokes. If they were very difficult strokes, so much the greater his joy in bringing them off. I know he will forgive me for saying this and, indeed, he must, because he says something very like it about himself. "I have often caught myself wondering," he says, "whether I was not getting more fun out of it than a professional ought to," and again later, "I was always apt to be too much of an amateur—in this sense, that I was rarely content to go straight from the tee to the hole. . . . I knew I could go straight if I liked, but there were times—and are still—when I couldn't resist the temptation to prove to myself that I had real control over the ball."

That is an engaging admission. It makes the pupil feel that here is a very human teacher, and Jack White is certainly that. He always seems to me to have inherited some of the qualities of his uncle, Ben Sayers. Ben was a remarkably cunning little man. He was, I suppose, the most persuasive salesman of a golf club that ever lived; but mingled with his cunning there was a genuine, disarming, childlike keenness that made him more than half believe that the "Dreadnought" or the "Benny" or whatever the club might be, was really a panacea for golfing ills. In the same way he was genuinely and intensely keen about any new method he had hit on of playing a stroke, and so he could inspire his pupils. Jack White has the same keenness as a teacher. His mind is, so to speak, red hot behind the club. Whatever he teaches, he teaches and believes in with all his might, and it makes him an inspiring person. Perhaps not all that delightfully solemn earnestness, which his friends

know so well, gets into his book, but a great deal of it does.

I have said that his instinct is to love subtleties, but in this book he controls it nobly. The gospel that he preaches is simple and direct. He does not burden the learner's head with too many details, and he tries, as far as possible, to make all minor doctrines appear as branches of one big one. The first theme on which he harps is that of the "middle." He wants everyone "definitely to establish a firm and reliable middle to his game." He holds up for our admiration "The man who plays, maybe, an indifferent shot, a hurried, thoughtless shot, but never, never produces a series of wild and woolly wallops, never is guilty of a genuinely *bad* shot." And not only are we to cultivate a middle, but *the* middle. "Down the middle," he cries, "down the very centre of the middle. Anywhere on the fairway is better than anywhere in the heavy stuff." He is so passionate, so beseeching, that we feel that he must at times have suffered a little from the heather himself.

After this general confession of faith the author comes to what he terms "the key to all good shots," and that is balance. He declares that all the most time-honoured maxims are useful only in so far as they help to produce balance. We go slow back because if we go back fast it tends to throw us off our balance. We keep our eye on the ball in order to keep our head still, and if we move the head we become unbalanced. It is the same thing with "footwork" and "pivoting." "Slow back" is an old story, but it can never be told too often if told in a novel and convincing way. A fortnight ago I said something of Mr. Tolley's excellent version of it. Jack White's is equally good. I suppose one ought to have thought of it for oneself, but I do not remember ever to have seen so well stated the fact that a club taken up fast takes a great deal of stopping at the top, and that this act of stopping wastes energy. He gives an example of the rhythmic and easy take-up of the club, Douglas Rolland's method of talking to his ball: "Mind ye—Ah'm—no—goin'—to—be—in—a—hurry—to—hit—ye," and the whole concentrated venom went into the last two words.

He is decidedly interesting and illuminating too, as far as it is possible to be so on such an obscure subject, on the difference between the swing and the hit in respect to iron play. He believes that Mr. Laidlay, whose adoring little caddie he once was, revolutionised iron play, and in this regard one recalls an often quoted saying of that divinity of the Lothians, "Whenever you begin to swing an iron you go wrong." Incidentally, the American golfers, who are certainly very fine iron players, would not altogether agree with this, for they swing their iron clubs decidedly more than our players do.

Naturally, our author has a good deal to say about putting, an art of which he is a recognised professor. Readers of COUNTRY LIFE will remember some articles which he wrote on the subject some while ago, since collected into a small book, and in this new book he somewhat elaborates what he said there. It is only in his putting doctrines that he allows himself something that may appear at first sight a subtlety. Here is his recipe for holing quite short putts: "When faced with a crucial short putt do not hesitate to make it as difficult for yourself as you can. The underlying idea—and I am convinced it is a thoroughly sound one—is to give yourself a problem that loudly demands your absolute and unmitigated concentration. . . . It is difficult enough to hit the ball smoothly and cleanly off what is roughly the middle of the putter face. In spite of that I find it pays me, in the case of short putts, to concentrate upon *hitting the ball off some definite point* on the face. . . . In fixing

your mind upon that arbitrary point of the club face you can contrive to forget the existence of the hole."

That does not sound like "easier golf," but there is much good sense in it for all that. So there is in another passage, in which Jack White lets himself go with refreshing vigour. He thinks that modern golfers, as compared with the heroes of his youth, make far too much fuss about the four yard putt. "I have seen," he says, "many a so-called first-class player tackle a crucial medium putt in a way that would have disgraced a school-marm with an umbrella. The man ought to have had a chemist with him to analyse the odds and ends that he contemptuously picked up off the green. . . . And then in a great reverent hush of silence he would hit a putt that never had the name of the hole written on it. In the old days an old Fussy-whiskers of this kind would have had short shrift." I like the word "Fussy-whiskers," and certainly mean to adopt it.

## RIDING FOR YOUNG AND OLD

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. F. McTAGGART, D.S.O.

IT is often said that few who have not ridden when young will ride well when grown up, and it is said, perhaps still more often, that middle-aged men are too old to begin. Curiously enough, neither of the statements are strictly accurate and, like so many other beliefs, they will not stand the light of examination or the results of actual experience.

### RIDING FOR CHILDREN.

It is supposed that people who have ridden all their lives from donkeys to ponies, from ponies to cobs, and from cobs to hunters, must necessarily ride better than those who only start to ride in adolescence or early manhood. This supposition must necessarily presuppose that the instruction has been throughout beneficial and sound, because it would obviously not lead to good results if the principles taught were faulty or negligible. Most instruction, however, as we see every day, does leave much to be desired. We see small children out with grooms everywhere. They are sitting all wrong, and are committing almost every enormity in equestrianism unchecked and unnoticed. Their so-called lessons are only surrounding them with an intensive crop of errors they may never grow out of, and yet their parents fondly believe they are learning to ride.

In many cases they enjoy themselves hugely, and in so far we all love to see them having a happy time; but that is not the point. We must remember that although they may love their ride, they are not learning riding. I can well remember my own early days. What an intense and unbalancing excitement it was when I had a pony to ride, and we would be heartless indeed to do anything to deny youngsters the pleasures of the saddle. So I must at once make my point clear. Youthful riding, though usually a pleasure, is seldom an education.

I think all riding masters in cavalry regiments will agree with me when I say that we can always get on better with a young subaltern who has never ridden before than with one who has ridden "all his life." We have seen it so often. The more "experienced" recruit officer will for a month or so be better than the other, but by the time a year is out there is nothing to choose between them, except that it is often 6 to 4 on the beginner. As this is a quite admitted fact, it shows very clearly that it is not necessary to ride young to ride well, and that riding muscles can be developed without commencing in the cradle.

The next point is that many people say that it is good for the nerve to ride young, because the early habituation must be so beneficial that it must necessarily give confidence for the rest of life. Unfortunately, this is not a matter that can be altogether accepted. We have two classes of children—the bold and the timid. In the one case it is an anxiety to the parents, and in the other to themselves. The bold ones may easily lose their nerve, and the timid may never find it.

I fear we all know cases of children who, keen enough to begin with, suddenly refuse to get into the saddle again because of some fright or fall they may have experienced. If, therefore, we want our children to ride, we must remember that it is not going to help them to be first-class horsemen in the future, and that there is a risk of "putting them off" riding altogether. It is a matter upon which too much care cannot be bestowed. Let them ride by all means, but try to see they do not get into

bad habits, and avoid the possibility of accident or fright to the limit of precaution.

If the parents are not in a position to give them riding facilities, then they can console themselves with the thought that they will be none the worse horsemen for all that when they reach a later age.

### RIDING FOR THE OLD.

There are a very great number of people who have never had an opportunity of riding until they have reached middle age. When at last, perhaps after many years on an office stool, they find themselves able to, they are put off by their friends. They are told that it is only by long and protracted study when young that any efficiency can be attained; that it is dangerous to make any attempt; that riding muscles will be sprained, collar bones broken; that their horses will run away with them and so on indefinitely. Agony piled on agony, so that he is a bold man indeed who will still attempt this hazardous enterprise. If he is of a sufficiently obstinate nature he may discount the advice he gets to its proper value, but he has still one more obstacle to overcome. No man likes to be laughed at, and all hate to look foolish. Without proper instruction he knows he will cut a ridiculous figure, and the mysteries of the hunting field are very alarming to a man of importance and position in his own particular walk of life. The result of all this is that he never rides at all.

It is a great pity, because instruction upon right lines can produce wonderful results very speedily, and without nerve-racking or muscle-breaking exercises. As a case in point, I once took a man in hand who was over fifty years of age and could not "ride for toffee." Within four days he was jumping fences and enjoying every minute of it. In other words, although it is possible to be too young to begin, it is never too late to learn.

As to hunting, it is not difficult to find friends who will put one right in regard to dress and the unwritten laws. In these days of attenuated fields, hunting wants all the support it can get, and if the gulf could be bridged between those that would like to and those that do, we should go far in keeping fox-catching alive.

Sometimes it strikes me that what is wanted is a look called "Why?" If people could be told the reasons for things, we would not see so many absurdities about. For instance, take a hunting crop. It has reasons for its make and shape and balance which once realised would make selection an easy matter. But we see many beginners with one that seems to have been purchased from the grocer, and "knuts" with some "doggy" notions which may be very clever but do not open gates. It is the same with spurs and, in fact, all articles of equipment. Once we know the reason why, we can never make an impractical mistake.

If, therefore, we assure the beginner, no matter how late in life he may wish to start, that he can quite quickly ride well, and that he need never be wrongly turned out, so that no one will know he is a veritable tyro, I feel confident we shall attract many men to the saddle who have hitherto suppressed their natural inclinations in that direction. This would be to the advantage of hunting and of horse breeding, and of many things and people which go to make the English countryside the most attractive place on earth.



# COASTAL BIRDS IN SHETLAND

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CHISLETT.

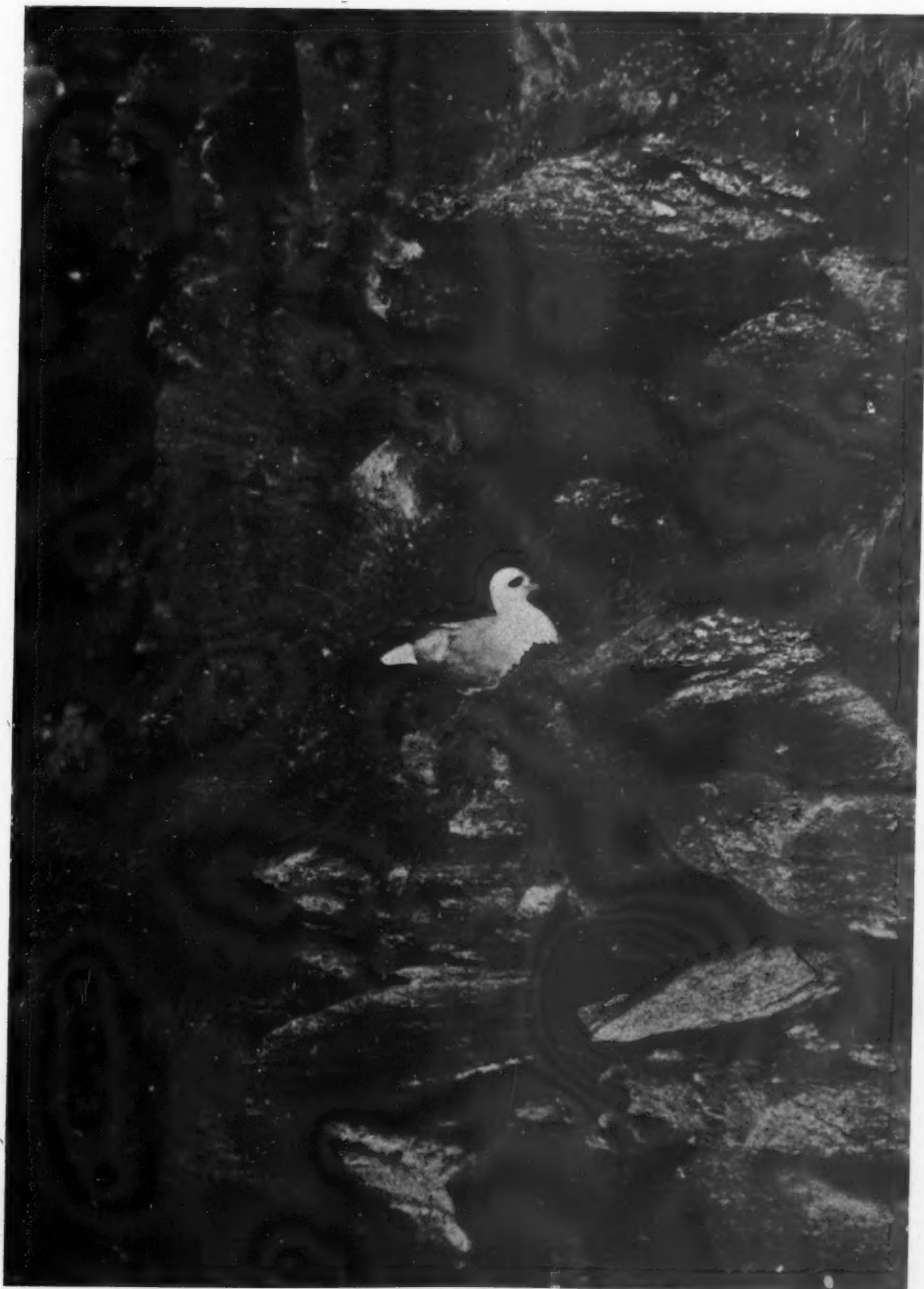
**A**LTHOUGH we were in Shetland principally to study certain birds which are uncommon elsewhere in Britain, other more generally distributed species claimed a smaller share of our attention. On the coast especially such opportunities were numerous. High cliff and heathery slope, lichen rock and shingled beach, all had feathered habitués which made it impossible for any naturalist equipped with binoculars to feel dull. Perhaps a description of a walk in June, round an island on which we were privileged to pass several week-ends and thus learned to know well, together with the incidents thereby called to mind, will serve to make readers acquainted with the coastal wild life of Shetland as well as the limits of a short article will permit. Although not large, this island includes several types of coastal scenery in its circumference. If it is now accounted inhabited, the distinction is due to our presence there on the census night of 1921.

Our landing place is determined by the direction of the wind. If the sea lifts too much for safe landing on the rocks to the south-east, the water which laps the shingle on the low-lying, western shore will be tranquil. As the keel grounds on the shingle, terns rise, and oyster-catchers whistle, while hooded crows watch proceedings from the top of an adjacent ruin.

Past the ruin the cliff is mainly composed of peat, fluctuating in height between some six and twelve feet. Oyster-catchers'

eggs repose on the shingle below and, with the wheatears and gulls, are the most ubiquitous birds on the island. So common are they that it is difficult to walk for a hundred yards without disturbing a fresh pair. They also nest on grass and rocks along the cliff top. The most peculiar nest for the species we saw was situated in an uncompleted, almost vertical rabbit-burrow about a foot below the surface. On the beach, too, eider-ducks nest, sometimes among the seaweed of old high-water lines, at other times under the bank of peat. The sides of the dykes which drain the island, converging at one or two low-lying places, are also favourite sites. Among the shingle, too, are little parties of arctic terns whose eggs will be laid in July, and odd nests of common and lesser black-backed gulls. Out over the water terns continually pass up and down with arctic skuas in attendance, each being on the look-out for food in its own way.

Having rounded the northern end, we reach a little bay beached with big boulders. As we jump a succession of dykes draining down to the bay a "hoodie" croaks his disapproval high above. His nest is placed on the same ledge that was used a year ago, and the young are already able to take short flights along the cliff before us. Divers, both red-throated and great northern, visit the pool to be seen a little way inland, but do not breed there; and many species use it for bathing purposes.



THE FULMAR'S CORNER.



THE COMMON GULL: A GRACEFUL STUDY IN DELICATE GREYS AND WHITES.

Several times great skuas were disturbed there, but in the absence of their treasures they flew peaceably over without demonstrating. Oyster-catchers continue to vociferate, and eider-ducks to watch us from their nests, sometimes waddling down the beach to join the handsome drakes in the water. In one case nests of these two species were only separated by some three yards of shingle. Between the pool and the hill beyond, arctic skuas and gulls keep ceaseless watch over their treasures, but even so lose them occasionally.

On the promontory beyond the bay the peat disappears, rocks outcrop, and the cliff becomes high and precipitous. Common gulls and black-backs abound here. Castings of undigested, silicious matter are scattered everywhere, with empty shells of sea-urchins and crabs, and long "razor cases." Down the cliff, with a sunnier aspect, the sea pink grows less stuntedly. On the edge of a precipice a pair of greater black-backed gulls

have eggs; magnificent birds, but the shepherds do not like them. The oyster-catchers and eiders here have eggs among the rocks. A few black guillemots wail faintly from the water, where many birds shelter when gales blow from the west.

On one occasion at this point we came suddenly upon a party of common seals, basking on the rocks below. Seals always seek the leeward side of an island for lying out in the sun, as they love to do. For a moment they gazed, then hurriedly splashed into the sea. One by one the dog-like heads popped up and, as we passed along, they continued to watch us; had we gone back an hour later we should probably have found them in their old positions. In colour they varied between yellowish white and dark brown. At the end of June it was a common sight to see seals fighting, rolling over and over in the water with much snarling and splashing. The Shetlanders said the females were driving away the males, and that very shortly the



ARCTIC SKUA ALIGHTING.

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former would be joined in the water by their young. The statement was confirmed in early July, when our boat passed through a large party of swimming seals, the number of which—old and young—must have exceeded three score, although to count them was difficult as they continually disappeared and reappeared. Sometimes a seal would come up unexpectedly close to the boat and would instantly splash down again. A young seal we found on the rocks one day measured between three and four feet in length. Like many young animals which have not yet learned the lesson, it showed little sign of fear, and allowed us to inspect its partially dry, brown-spotted coat, and even to catch it by the hind flippers. When a cloth was dangled before its nose the cub gripped the other end and shook it as a dog will, though as yet it had no teeth. The rock was an island some forty yards long, and there, probably, the young seal had been born, and would continue to be fed by its mother until old enough to accompany her on her travels through the sea.

For some distance we continue our walk along high cliffs, with deep water at the base, and with caverns beneath in which the tide gurgles and makes queer sounds to the shags on the whitewashed ledges. One or two great stacks, separated from the main island by narrow channels, are tenanted by gulls. A fulmar petrel, suddenly appearing from behind a stack, sails past on straightened wings. Along the edge of the cliff it floats, then curves out over the water and round again. Only a few wingbeats are necessary to give the fulmar momentum, then upwards and downwards it glides, slightly altering its planes to catch the breeze—a beautiful flight to watch. To hold its egg the fulmar likes a grassy ledge, nearer to the top of the cliff, but sheltered from above by some projection. There are no large colonies hereabouts, but every tall cliff has one or two pairs. The sitting bird is often tucked away in a corner only visible from the sea, but allows of quite close approach if the cliffs also permit. Close by, the mate often reclines on another grassy ledge, but seldom remains there long when observed from above. After craning its neck for a moment as it utters a few gruff sounds, the fulmar stumbles on its short legs to the edge, falls over, and floats away, contrasting, as it does so, clumsy stupidity with easy, rhythmic grace.

Fulmars remain in sight until the cliff becomes low again, with a shingly beach tenanted by more oystercatchers, terns, ringed plovers and eider-ducks. Here, early in July, was seen the first eider-duck to be attended by her flotilla of young, swimming in single file with about a foot of water between each duckling. When danger threatens, young eiders often pack together by the side of the old duck, so that from a little distance the



ROCK PIPIT. THE NEST IS UNDER THE STONE SLAB.



OYSTER-CATCHER AT ITS NEST.



GOLDEN PLOVER.

party of four or five chicks appears like another old bird—a useful form of camouflage. Among the boulders, too, rock-pipits breed, sometimes under great immovable masses, at other times it is possible to lift the covering slab and inspect the nest. Low tide here reveals sand, pools and weed-covered rocks haunted by merry parties of feeding dunlins and by gulls. As we skirt the marsh a few yards inland, many common gulls scream above, and arctic skuas flit and mew over the farther side, where the marsh intersects their breeding ground. The arctic skua was one of the earliest birds to return after we had passed, pitching close beside the nest as a rule.

Climbing gently we reach some cliffs down which work was often possible when the prevailing high winds prevented photography elsewhere. Under such conditions we had perforce to use the material they afforded, principally common, herring, and lesser black-backed gulls, and oyster-catchers. The first named was our favourite, a graceful study in delicate greys and whites, with greenish-yellow legs and bill, and with a brown eye surrounded by a crimson ring. This gull breeds in England but rarely, and in Scotland is the least numerous breeding gull except for the greater black-back, so that its English name is misleading. Here a young common gull, surprised on the edge of the cliff, took the leap over and in a few minutes was swimming some forty yards out attended by its parents. When my visitor who had caused the alarm had retired, the cloud of gulls settled on every point of vantage to watch the rescue of the chick. Excitement seemed intense when the precocious youngster was escorted into a narrow inlet and safely brought ashore; and the applause from the white spectators which lined the cliff above was quite deafening. The pair of mergansers which regularly

frequented this bay dived on the least provocation, and their sharp bill, hair-like crest and white wing-bar were not to be portrayed. They nested deep inside a rabbit burrow.

Farther round the south-west corner the cliffs become steep enough for a few more fulmars, then gradually fall to the level of the beach where our boat lies, and the circuit is complete. Up above us is the cottage of the shepherd, used principally in the lambing season (whither we now repair for a cup of tea before re-embarking), and even there, in the walls around, breed wheatears, wrens and pipits. The bright green sward, close-cropped by the sheep, is never without its party of oyster-catchers, running and feeding, and looking very trim and conspicuous. And standing by the cottage, with the aid of glasses, friends whose acquaintance we have closely made can be picked out on the higher ground: skuas, oyster-catchers and gulls, some of them still sitting unconcernedly by the side of hiding tents. But the eider-ducks and most of the wading tribe defy detection, their coloration is too protective.

Although this island is richer as regards variety of bird life than some others of similar size, the majority of the species named may be met with on almost any part of the Shetland coast, and the list can be extended considerably. On the high cliffs of the Atlantic seaboard ravens and falcons breed. Kittiwakes, razor-bills and puffins inhabit certain lofty headlands. Petrels and shearwaters, shelter their eggs under stones on spray-swept islets. Nowhere round our island are seabirds so crowded as on the ledges of Noss and Foula, or as I have known them on many more southerly haunts. Rather are they well distributed, no part being without its features of interest, a characteristic which is true of Shetland generally.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### A YORKSHIRE FRIEND OF AMERICA.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—The interest taken by Americans in General Oglethorpe of Cranham is still fresh in the public mind; and the present visit of the American and Canadian Bar Association makes it worth while to recall the memory of another English country gentleman, who showed conspicuous sympathy with American Independence at the time when its declaration was made. This was Sir Thomas Gascoigne, Bt., of Parlington Park, not far from Aberford, which lies on the Great North Road between Doncaster and Wetherby, and within a few miles of Bramham. He was born at Cambrai, in France, on March 7th, 1744, and died in 1810, and was buried in the old church at Barwick in Elmet. In 1784 he was elected Member of Parliament for Thirsk; subsequently he was M.P. for Malton, and later still for Arundel. Sir Thomas became well known in Yorkshire as a keen and enterprising agriculturist and racing man. His horses were trained in his own stables at Parlington, and one honourable trait in his record is that he built a school and maintained the master to educate his stable hands in other things besides the care of horses. In 1776 he won the Doncaster Cup with Tuberose, in 1778 the St. Leger with Hollandaise, and again in 1798 with Symmetry. In 1803 he won the Oaks with Theophania. But what seems most worthy of note at the present time is this that no sooner was the Declaration of Independence in America signed than Sir Thomas Gascoigne showed his enthusiastic sympathy with it by erecting in his park at Parlington a copy, more or less accurate, of the arch of Titus, bearing on both sides the inscription:

LIBERTY IN NORTH AMERICA  
TRIUMPHANT MDCCCLXXXIII.

A local tradition has it that not long after the arch was completed George IV, when Prince Regent, was invited to lunch at Parlington, but had to pass the arch on his way to the house, and that when he was told what the arch was put up for he turned back and declared he would not go and partake of the hospitality of a man who would build such a monument in his park. That Sir Thomas was very far from being alone among his countrymen in sympathy with American Independence may be inferred from the fact that among those who signed the Declaration no fewer than five were Members of the Middle Temple, and if one looks through the List of Notable Middle Templars printed for the Society

in 1902, there are no fewer than thirteen members who held high office in America at one time or another, and the list includes, also in the seventeenth century, the famous name of Sir James Harington, the author of "Oceana," who is thought to have influenced the early constitution of more than one American State, after his book's publication in 1656, besides being the originator of the Rotary Club in London, whose modern derivatives in the present day have become legion. If any members of the Bar Association from America find themselves at York, they will find Parlington not far out of their way by road, going through the little town of Tadcaster and on to Aberford; though few Englishmen have ever found their way to the arch itself, and not very many have even heard of it.—WILLIAM H. DRAPER, Master's House, The Temple.

### WHO WROTE "WUTHERING HEIGHTS."?

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Miss Law pleads for a calm and dispassionate examination of facts regarding all that concerns "Charlotte's despised brother," as she calls Branwell in her Preface. But while asking her readers for an unprejudiced judgment, is she herself free from a definite bias in his favour? Her account of the Luddenden Foot period of his life is a marked case in point.

On page 60 of her book Miss Law writes:

"While at Luddenden Foot Branwell made several local excursions up that lovely valley. He had friends in the neighbourhood at Hebden Bridge, and we hear from Mr. Leyland that sometimes 'clerical visitors' called at his wooden shanty to hear his brilliant conversation. They invited him to their houses also, and it was while there that Branwell paid a visit to Manchester Cathedral. But these excursions drew him away from his proper duties; he did not attend to his work as he ought to have done; frequently he left it in charge of his deputy; and he was undoubtedly careless in his accounts."

The railway company dismissed him; and Miss Law continues:

"He . . . immediately began to look for another situation. He applied to Mr. Grundy, but that gentleman did nothing for him, probably feeling convinced that business was the last thing for which his dreamy, volatile, poetical friend was fitted."

Let us now turn to Branwell and Grundy's version of this episode ("Pictures of the Past," page 85). On May 22nd, 1845, Branwell writes to his friend, Grundy:

"This quiet life, from its contrast, makes the year passed at Luddenden Foot appear like a nightmare, for I would rather give my hand than undergo again the grovelling carelessness, the malignant yet cold debauchery, the determination to find how far mind could carry body without being both chucked into hell, which too often marked my conduct when there, lost as I was to all I really liked, and seeking relief in the indulgence of feelings which form the black spot on my character."

On the following page, Mr. Grundy states quite clearly why he could not offer Branwell another post:

"Branwell got no situation with us. Indeed it was altogether improbable. The cause of his leaving his appointment had been too notoriously glaring. His absence carousing with congenial drinkers (anything rather than 'congenial spirits,' rough, coarse, half-educated men), had been of days' continuance, so that it was almost hopeless to seek work with us again."

Both these accounts must have been read by Miss Law, and it is well to keep her suppression of these facts in mind when considering her title to argue in favour of Branwell Brontë as the author of "Wuthering Heights."—MAUD MARGESSON.



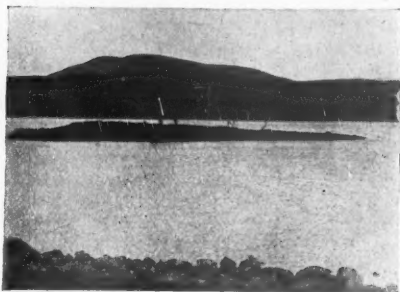
THE ARCH OF LIBERTY AT PARLINGTON.



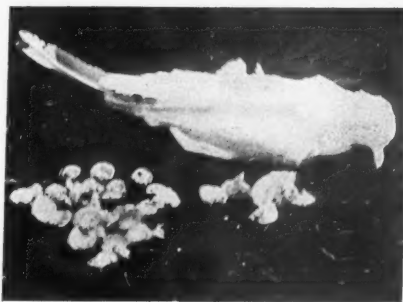
GULLS AND GROUSE EGGS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a cutting from the "People's Journal," of July 12th, in which the "gull pest" is mentioned as having much to do with the shortage of grouse in Sutherlandshire. "Grouse prospects are very poor. The primary cause is the prevalence of disease, but the gull pest has much to answer for. Those rapacious gluttons have been hunting the moors ever since nesting time, and played much havoc with eggs, but since the chicks have been hatched their work of destruction has been redoubled. The writer witnessed in the short space of fifteen minutes a common gull taking the second chick from a brood." As we have only recently become aware of the destruction of grouse eggs and chicks by the common gull, our experience in Ross-shire may be of interest and profit to some of your readers. I will therefore describe how we made the discovery. There is here a small island on a loch, situated about fifteen miles from tidal water and at about 900ft. elevation. For years this island has been used by a colony of breeding gulls. Usually we have taken some eggs from the nests, when the owners would again lay, and, in due course, hatch off their young. The spring visit to the island was postponed this year, as the boat was in bad repair, until the young had been hatched off. Then the terrible discovery was made that the parent birds were feeding their young on grouse eggs. A strict investigation of the island debris showed grouse egg shells and sandpiper egg shells in considerable numbers. At first it was believed that only fresh eggs were being used, as the residue in the empty shells seemed to indicate this. The discoverers had great difficulty in persuading people to take the thing seriously as everyone had always regarded gulls as quite innocent hunters of beetles, grubs, etc. The first step was to put down four hen eggs, painted to resemble grouse eggs in everything but size. These eggs were so arranged that the eater thereof would, in all probability die as a result of the meal. Two were promptly taken with the result as shown in the photograph. A theory was advanced in defence of the gulls to the effect that they were merely scavengers. That they took only the eggs when they had been abandoned by the parent birds. Or that they took them from a sense of curiosity. The discoverers were by no means the kind of people who regard everything with wings on it as a potential source of mischief, and they pursued their enquiry with as open minds as it was possible to retain after the island's evidence of egg devastation. Owing to the unwonted and repeated visits to the island the parent birds removed their young to a quiet weedy bay at the western end of the loch. There they continued to feed their voracious young for the space of two days, while the discoverers were wondering where they had all gone. As soon as their new feeding ground was "spotted" an examination was made of it. This showed more grouse eggs, the remains of embryo grouse, the small bones of young birds, the foot and part of the leg of a young bird and the remains of what appeared to be a young green-shank. All this in the space of two days, and the perpetrators could not have numbered more than six or seven pairs! During the search a hen grouse was driven off her nest, disclosing her effort at a second hatching, in the shape of three eggs, in a very well concealed nest. Unfortunately for her, at the moment she left her nest, there were gulls overhead. Two days after this all the eggs were gone. It was suggested by the defence that a "hoodie" crow might have taken them. But this would



THE GULLS ISLET.



THE MARAUDER'S END.

be turned down at once by anyone who has seen a "hoodie"—or even an eagle—attempt to approach a gullery when the young are out. The writer has watched eagles, great black-backed gulls and "hoodies" driven off with utmost fury this year, and yet, strange to say, a pair of black-backed gulls nested on the island last year. Their eggs were taken by human agency, so that what would have happened when the young gulls had appeared must remain conjecture. Finally, the writer saw a gull overhead with something in its foot. This object proved to be a grouse egg. The case against the gulls seemed to be complete, at any rate as far as the discoverers were concerned. Others were sceptical and wished to see the evidence. It was shown and without a single failure to convince, so far. In fact it was through a visit to the island to convince a sceptic that a further discovery was made, and it was the sceptic who made it. The droppings of the adult birds were found to be glistening with minute fragments of egg shell, showing that the common gull, not content with feeding its young with eggs, feeds itself also. That so light a bird as the gull can beat a cock and hen grouse seems improbable, one would think. But how otherwise were those chicks and the nearly hatched-off eggs obtained, the remains of which led to the discovery of their new feeding ground at the western end of the loch? And, again, how was that egg obtained which the writer took from the closed foot of the marauder? It contained an almost perfectly formed chick.—D. W. M.

[Our correspondent's letter was forwarded to Mr. H. W. Robinson, who makes the following comments on it: "The gulls mentioned are probably the black-headed species nesting, as they are on an island in a loch; on the other hand, they may be the larger lesser black-back. It is quite usual for individual gulls or individual colonies of either species to eat grouse eggs. Some years, i.e., dry ones, they are worse than

usual. At Ravensglass in Cumberland in 1909, 1910 and 1911 the black-headed gulls hardly ever touched the terns' eggs. Then came a dry nesting season and the eggs were taken as fast as laid, and this has happened every season since, except 1918. Some colonies of the small gull will not destroy any grouse or other eggs; others do so wholesale, in certain years. I am assuming that the gulls are the black-headed, possibly they are common gulls (*L. canus*). Of the latter I do not know much as a nesting species, as they are confined then to Scotland. It would be interesting to know to what species your correspondent's gulls belong, viz., 1, black-headed gull; 2, common gull; 3, lesser black-backed gull; 4, greater black-backed gull; 5, herring gull. I fancy, however, that if they are not No. 1, they will be No. 2.—Ed.]

LOCAL RECORDS IN BERKSHIRE.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to Mr. W. E. Butler's letter in your issue of July 19th on Local Histories, enclosed are some particulars of the Local History Records Scheme which may be of interest to Mr. Butler. The Berkshire branch of this scheme was formed some time ago and is making excellent progress. The Oxfordshire branch of the scheme will probably be inaugurated this month and it is hoped to start a branch in Hampshire shortly. No further action is then proposed with regard to the scheme until after the autumn meeting of the Congress of Archaeological Societies, when, if the scheme is approved by the congress, it is hoped to extend it throughout the country. As you will see, the scheme aims at recording interesting facts of local history which will prove invaluable in the compilation of future local histories.—C. B. WILLCOCKS.

[The particulars are referred to in a "Country Note."—Ed.]

A SCHOOL-BOY NAVIGATOR.

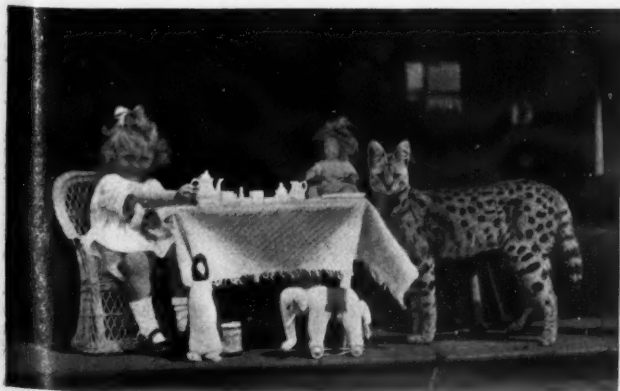
TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—A few years ago two men chartered a tiny yacht at Falmouth and sailed her to the Isles of Scilly, but the single journey was enough for them, for they left the boat there and returned in the mail steamer. The owner, therefore, had to come over for the boat. This gentleman was so blind that he could not see the length of his craft, small as she was. On landing in Scilly he tried to obtain a man or men to sail his boat to Falmouth, without any success whatsoever. At length, a schoolboy thirteen years of age, who had never been out of the islands, volunteered for the job, and, choosing a fair breeze, sailed the boat into Falmouth harbour, although he had never seen the place in his life before. The owner was of no use to him, for, besides being nearly blind he was seasick nearly the whole way across!—H. W. R.

A KENYA TEA-PARTY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose two snapshots of a tea party at Ngeri, Kenya Colony, which show my niece, aged four and a half years, with a few "friends" and her favourite playmate, "Sambo," a serval cat, about one year old. She has had him since a kitten, and they have great games together. If he has to be punished for anything, he purrs loudly! As so many people on looking at picture No. 1 mistake him for one of the toys, I enclose picture No. 2 to show that he is very much alive.—EVA M. WARDLAW.



THE TOYS AT TEA.



SAMBO IS NOT A TOY.

## PINE AND BEECH MARTENS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I was much interested in your correspondent, Miss Frances Pitt's letter of July 12th, about polecats and pine martens, and very glad to hear that the marten is holding its own in the West of Ireland. In my article of May 24th I was certainly referring to the pine marten cubs as they were found by Kendall, when they must have been in their second coat, but you will see from the enclosed photograph that there were many of the white hairs of the first white coat still left. The white hairs of the breast do not come round nearly so far in the mature marten, as is seen in the top cub of the three in the first photograph, and a great number of white hairs can be detected in the middle cub in the second. I certainly did not realise that Captain English's photographs, with which my article was illustrated, were of a beech or stone marten, but he can no doubt throw light on the subject. I should be glad to know how your correspondent is able to tell merely by the photographs. I should have thought an expert would have hesitated to express an opinion unless they had both skin and skull. All I can say is that the same picture as the top one which illustrated my article occurs in "Animal Life of the British Isles," page 60, with pine marten printed beneath it.—A. BERTRAM HUTTON.

[We sent Mr. Hutton's letter to Miss Pitt who returned us the following very interesting answer. We do not publish Mr. Hutton's photograph of the dead cubs because it seemed to us rather too sad and Miss Pitt's photographs of living martens illustrate the point in question more pleasantly. Miss Pitt says: "In reply to Mr. Hutton's remarks regarding my comments on Captain English's charming marten photographs, which illustrate his (Mr. Hutton's) article, the following are the grounds on which I believe the animal shown to have been a beech or stone marten, *Martes foina*, *Erxleben*, and not a pine marten, *M. martes*, Linn.: Captain English's pictures show it as having a shorter muzzle, and broader head than is usual in a pine marten, nor has it the well defined cream edges to the ears so characteristic of the latter, and which are always

particularly noticeable in the live animal (it is faded skins which lead to confusion); moreover there is the intangible distinction of carriage, apparent when you have known live individuals of both species. And lastly I may refer to Captain English, the author of the photographs, who, writing in the Amateur Menagerie Club's Year Book, for 1912, says on page 26, "I secured my marten by purchase, and had her about two years. She had been some time in captivity, and was, until the day I released her, uncontrollably savage. I am uncertain whether she was *M. foina* (stone marten), or *M. abietum* (pine marten). I incline to the opinion she was *M. foina*." And further on he remarks, "her muzzle, viewed end on, was undoubtedly blunter looking than that of any pine marten with which I have been acquainted." If the Editor can find space to publish the photographs I send of a British pine marten and of a Hungarian beech marten, both females, it will be seen that the differences in life are even more apparent than my bald remarks would seem to indicate. I may say here that when I got my beech marten, not at that time having had any intimate acquaintance with the pine marten, like Captain English I was doubtful which species she belonged to, and indeed, for a time, thought she was a pine marten; but all my doubts vanished after having handled an English pine marten, when the differences were quite apparent, and to revert to the photographs under discussion I have no hesitation whatever in pronouncing them "Beech"! In reference to Mr. Hutton's pathetic picture of dead marten cubs (and to one who knows the abounding vitality and joy of life of a marten kitten those dead cubs are tragic), and his remark that the white chest patch does not come nearly so far round the neck as it would in the adult, I believe he will find that that was an individual variation. I have watched the growth of many young animals and have invariably found that once developed, inherited markings do not vary in area with age, apart, that is, from the general growth of the body. As Mr. Hutton says, the long white hair of the baby coat are easily distinguishable in this photograph, which is a lamentable record of the fate that overtakes so many of our more rare mammals."—ED.]



A PINE MARTEN KITTEN.

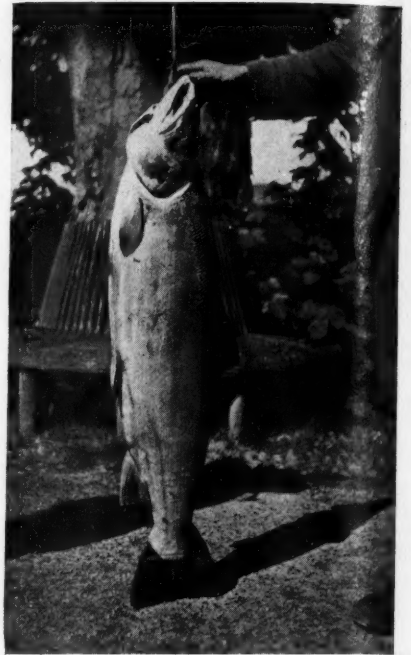


THE BEECH MARTEN.

## CAUGHT ON THE SPEY.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I enclose a photograph of a salmon caught by Mr. Ronald Usher, in the third week



A 41LB. SALMON.

of June, at Delfur, on the Spey. It was 41lb. It was hooked in the chest and landed after a great struggle of forty minutes.—M. ROBSON-SCOTT.

## THE RARE POLECAT.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—With reference to the correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on the subject, a polecat is reported to have been seen here in the north-east corner of Cheshire this spring. Several people have described what they saw as a large, dark-coloured ferret, and the general conclusion reached is that this is a polecat. It seems to be a rare visitor to these parts, but one was shot some years ago on one of the moors here. This one, I am glad to say, has, up to the present, escaped.—ALFRED COCHRANE.

## "A SIMPLE WAY OF CATCHING FISH."

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—You may be entertained by this extract from the Bulletin, prepared for circulation abroad, by the Chinese Government Bureau of Economic Information. "A simple way of catching fish is that used in catching the scabbard. These fish like to go in long strings, one following the other by holding the latter's tail in its mouth. It is said by the fishermen that they do this especially when they cross a big span of water like a lake or a large river. At such times, and especially in the night, the fishermen simply take hold of the tail of the last fish in the string and pull the string in, just as if they were pulling an ordinary rope. The fish never loosen their hold when they are so pulled, and none of them can escape. But if they are pulled in the other direction, then the first fish or two may be caught, but the rest will see the danger ahead and will disperse."—H. N. C.

## SACRILEGIOUS BIRDS.

TO THE EDITOR.

SIR,—Can you explain the following occurrence? For the last three years, during the months of September and October, all paper notices that have been fastened on the north door of Ledbury church or have been placed inside the north porch, have been picked to pieces by birds. They tear off streamers of paper and fly off with them, and they even attack paper books, etc., which are placed on the table inside the church, in the west end. Tits have been seen doing this act of destruction, while Mr. Neville Robinson, the organist, says that he has seen sparrows doing so, too. The birds do not touch the notices till autumn has set in, and they stop early in November.—CONSTANCE BICKHAM.



# FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF SANDOWN PARK

NOTABLE MEETING FOR MR. S. B. JOEL.

EVENTS at Newmarket during the three days of the Second July Meeting last week were overshadowed by what happened later in the week at Sandown Park, which, incidentally, was the fiftieth anniversary of the establishment of that very well known and popular racecourse. It was there, last Friday, that Polyphontes won the Eclipse Stakes for his owner and breeder, Mr. Sol Joel. On the following day Pondoland won the interesting Anniversary Cup, the trophy which was given, together with £2,000, to mark the commemoration of fifty years of flourishing existence. It was a meeting of auspicious double events for two individuals. To Mr. Joel's notable achievements with horses of his own breeding I have referred. The other owner to come into marked prominence after a long period of leanness was the Newmarket trainer, Mr. P. P. Gilpin. He won the very valuable National Breeders' Produce Stakes with Garden of Allah, a filly by Golden Sun, and the Great Kingston Plate for two year olds on the preceding day with Free and Easy, a gelding by Bachelor's Double.

There are no more valuable races than the Eclipse Stakes and the National Breeders' Produce Stakes, the latter, of course, being for two year olds. Perhaps I should make exception of the Derby this year, which was worth £11,755 to Lord Derby. The Eclipse Stakes was worth £11,460 to Mr. Joel; but, in addition, that owner-breeder raked in another £500, which was the prize to the breeder of the winner. The conditions of the Eclipse Stakes state that £1,500 is added from the Race Fund, so that far the bigger portion of the stake is forthcoming from the owners themselves in the form of subscriptions and forfeits at the various stages. In all, there were only eight runners, and they included last year's Derby winner Papyrus, who had never looked so well this year; Inkerman, a four year old who last autumn won the Jockey Club Stakes at Newmarket; St. Germans, second for the Derby; Polyphontes and Parmenio, who had both finished behind him in that race at Epsom; while, in addition to saddling Inkerman and St. Germans, Alec Taylor, the Manton trainer, was also responsible for Mr. Somerville Tattersall's filly, Blue Lake.

The point to bear in mind, and which settled the question as to which would be favourite, was that both of the four year olds had to give something more than the generous weight-for-age allowance to St. Germans; and, having won substantially at Ascot, both Parmenio and Polyphontes had each to concede the one that had beaten them in the Derby 7lb. As St. Germans had done very well in the interval, how could it be thought that one of them would be able to turn the tables? It meant at least a turn-over of just on 14lb. Actually, the turn-over was one of 21lb. To such an extent did this race show us that Polyphontes had overtaken and passed St. Germans. Again, the diminutive size of St. Germans would impress all who beheld him in the Paddock prior to the race; but it was not his appearance his many backers were banking on. Rather was it the recollection of the way he beat all but Sansovino in the Derby, and how, early in the season, he had won the Craven Stakes. Thus did he come to start favourite at 13 to 8 against. Inkerman was preferred of the others at 11 to 2; Polyphontes had admirers, and especially did his trainer, E. de Mestre, believe in him.

Polyphontes is a big colt in the sense that there is a deal of him, though he is not in any sense burly. It would be truer to describe him as light-fleshed for such a big horse, which makes it seem likely that he will go on improving, as his scope offers such possibilities in the way of improvement. He is long-striding, and shows something of the action of a stayer. Inkerman appealed to many good judges, but the one which took my fancy most of all was Papyrus. He is a charming horse of exquisite quality, and I find it hard to fault him. Then, his temperament, too, is so ideal. He looked heaps better than on the day when he ran for the Ascot Gold Cup. The truth is, he does not get two miles and a half, and the training of him and the hard race pulled him down very much.

And now for a few words on the race itself. For St. Germans I could see no excuse in his failure. Frank Bullock rode him in such a way as to make his advantage in the weights tell, but half way up the straight it was evident at least that Papyrus would beat him. The Derby winner made a great flourish hereabouts, and with Polyphontes out of the way he would have been hailed as a very easy winner and as a brilliant horse. But Mr. Sol Joel's three year old barred the way. As soon as he drew alongside he made known his advantage of 15lb. in the weights. His jockey, McLachlan senior, had to do no more than drive him up the rising ground with his hands, and though Papyrus offered a stout resistance he could not withstand the coming of this big raking colt. The margin at the finish was a length and a half.

The winner was one of the last of the progeny of that wonderful sire, Polymelus, and when one comes to think how enfeebled this horse was in the last two or three years of his life it is really wonderful that he should have sired this particularly strong colt. I have an idea that Polyphontes was not always strong. He was comparatively weak, as is something that grows fast beyond its strength, and only during the last three months has he de-

veloped and gained in all the essentials that go to make a high-class horse with both speed and stamina. It was at Ascot that he won the Ascot Derby, and he was going exceptionally well for the Hardwicke Stakes two days later until he was badly knocked about. His dam, St. Josephine, was foaled in 1909, and is by St. Denis from Nathalie, by Royal Hampton. She has bred some previous winners, and has been a very regular breeder. It was said that St. Denis would do much harm to Mr. Joel's stud, but there would have been no Polyphontes but for him. St. Denis is the horse that was put in to make the running for Bachelor's Button when that horse, ridden by Danny Maher, won the Ascot Gold Cup for Mr. Joel and caused the only defeat in this country of Pretty Polly.

Papyrus ran his best race since the St. Leger when second to Tranquil, and in which, according to his jockey, he was unfortunate for the reason that he was struck into and impeded. I do not know whether Mr. Hornung will now retire him to the stud or whether he will be allowed to take on Polyphontes again for the Atlantic Stakes at Liverpool to-day (Friday); but in any case I am satisfied that he is a very good and high-class horse and a thoroughly good average Derby winner. We have only to look at the way in which he gave as much as 22lb. to St. Germans and a convincing beating last week, and how, also, Inkerman received from him a beating of from 7lb. to 10lb. It is impossible to get away from those facts.

In winning the Anniversary Cup, Pondoland was scoring for the first time since he won for Mr. Joel the Newmarket Stakes in May of 1922. Since then he has been beaten time after time, though his trainer has believed at times that he was unbeatable. The horse simply would not give of his best in public, seeming either terrified of racing or determined to have no more to do with it. He has been run in blinkers, and last Saturday at Sandown Park the blinkers were left off. His jockey said afterwards that just once did the horse hesitate whether he would go on, but things were made easy for him by one or two dropping back beaten, and the wily old horse was left in front next to the rails, with his jockey doing no more than ride him with his hands. Frater, the favourite, in the Aga Khan's colours, to whom he was giving 20lb., dropped back, and in the last half-furlong the only danger threatened from Cockpit, who up to that point had held a bad position in the race. When at last he did get through he made a bold show, passing all but Pondoland, who gave him 13lb. and the length and a half beating. Cockpit we may now find winning the Liverpool Summer Cup to-day.

The National Breeders' Produce Stakes was associated with the quite startling favouritism at odds on of a colt that had never before seen a racecourse. The reference is to Mr. H. E. Morris' Manna, by Phalaris from Waffles, bred by the Irish breeder, Mr. J. J. Maher, and sold by him as a yearling for 6,300 guineas. Why he should have been an odds-on favourite I do not quite know, except that I suppose he had shown some smart form in private, and he did, of course, emanate from the Beckhampton stable, which has been so remarkably successful in important two year old events this season.

The one to make most of the running and win was Garden of Allah, a nice filly, I am sure, though not impressing one as being particularly distinguished. Had the start been a fair one Bucellas would have won, apart from what I have written about Manna. This colt was left many lengths through being hampered, and midway through the race he must have been at least 50yds. behind. He is a big over-grown colt at present, by Buchan from Wendela, and was bred by his owner, Mr. J. P. Hornung, whose horses thus ran second for each of the most valuable races at the meeting.

Of events at the Second July Meeting I may, perhaps, touch for a moment on the astonishing result of the race for the Chesterfield Stakes, an event for two year olds which has often in the past been won by high-class two year olds. Diophon walked over for it last year, and colts which afterwards won the Derby, and which took this race in their careers as two year olds, were Lemberg and Rock Sand. On this occasion the hot favourite was the filly, Firouze Mahal, owned by the Aga Khan. This time, with some pounds in her favour, she was much expected to beat the King's colt, Runnymede, that had won the July Stakes at the previous meeting. Neither, however, could reach the first three, which was astonishing enough. Though a filly failed as favourite, it was a filly that won, in a very charming example of her age and sex in Blanchisseuse, owned by Lord Derby, and trained by the Hon. George Lambton. Because of her lack of experience, and believing her to be very backward, her trainer had little or no faith in her ability to win, which fact just adds to the merit of what she did. She is a daughter of Phalaris and White Wash, dam of Moabite, who has rendered some useful service to Lord Derby.

I mentioned above that the race for the Liverpool Cup was due to be decided to-day (Friday) and how Cockpit must have a big chance. I am satisfied that this must be so, and, though Pharos is much fancied to win for Lord Derby, it is possible that the chief danger to Cockpit will emanate from Heliaster, belonging to Sir William Cooke. PHILIPPOS.

## THE ESTATE MARKET

# VALUE FOR DEVELOPMENT

**P**ROPERTIES with a considerable commercial element are finding their way into the market, wide tracts of land on the outskirts of towns or in such positions as on the estuary of the Thames being of too great a value any longer to remain as adjuncts of residential estates. The movement was predicted in these columns long ago, and the obvious course has been taken, instances being announced this week. Concerning the market generally it may be remarked that there is all round activity, mansions, such as Dingley Hall, finding buyers as readily as small places with a few acres. Emphasis cannot be too often laid on the attractive investment aspect of land in proximity to new centres of population. Towns and cities are extending, and traffic facilities are increasing and will double and treble the value of sites in the next few years.

### LAND AROUND COBHAM HALL.

**L**ORD DARNLEY has decided to dispose of a considerable portion of the Cobham Hall estate, and has instructed Messrs. H. and R. L. Cobb, in conjunction with Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, to offer the same by auction, unless disposed of privately as a whole. To avoid any misunderstanding it should be stated that Cobham Hall is not included in the coming sales now mentioned. The seat was illustrated and described in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xv, page 906). The estate, in the parishes of Cobham, Cuxton, Luddesdown, Halling, Shorne, Chalk, Higham and Strood, extends to about 4,700 acres, with frontages to both the Thames and the Medway. The property comprises fifteen farms, about 1,600 acres of woodlands, the growing timber and underwood, cement works, private residences, cottages and accommodation land and building sites looking across the Thames to the north and the Medway to the south. Cobham is well known as a sporting estate, and the Rochester and Cobham Golf Club, with its club house, adjoins the property now for sale. The new arterial road from Dartford to Rochester runs through the estate.

Following the opening of the new electric railway service to Edgware next month, one of the largest building estates in the district will come under the hammer of Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The property, Broadfields Manor estate, extends to over 270 acres, within a mile of the new station.

At Petersfield, Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley submitted to auction the Westbury estate, for Mr. S. H. Le Roy Lewis, when good prices were realised, seventeen lots making £18,620.

Lilleshall, the Midland seat of Sir John Leigh, Bt., is to be sold by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. It formerly belonged to the Duke of Sutherland and stands in a park of 600 acres. The estate extends to 3,000 acres. The residence is built in the Elizabethan style from designs by Sir Geoffrey Wyattville. The property includes the ruins of Lilleshall Abbey, the fishponds and polo ground, and there are twelve entrance lodges. The gardens, grounds and woods are of great beauty.

### DINGLEY HALL CHANGES HANDS.

**THE HON. GUY WILSON**, Lord Nunburnholme's second son, has purchased Dingley Hall from Viscount Downe. Messrs. John D. Wood and Co., in conjunction with Messrs. Jackson Stops, acted for the vendor, and Messrs. Collins and Collins for the purchaser. The sale took place on the eve of the auction, which was held at Market Harborough. The park and certain other land pass with the house, which has been twice the subject of illustrated articles in COUNTRY LIFE (Vol. xii, page 208, and Vol. xlix, pages 462 and 494). As Mr. J. A. Gotch showed in the latter article, the mansion embodies much very notable work of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, as well as additions of residential convenience, but comparatively unimportant architecturally.

Mr. Jackson Stops conducted the sale in the rostrum, supported by a member of the Mount Street firm. In the end only a few, though choice lots, remained for disposal privately, and the realisation up to the present is between £45,000 and £50,000. In his

remarks on the property Mr. Jackson Stops quoted the following lines:

"Dingley, Sir, is a garden land of fresh and living green,  
Of rich well watered pastures, with woodlands in between,  
Country homes of England upon its slopes are set;  
And there the cattle fatten, without need of cake or 'vet.'"

### STANSTED PARK PURCHASED.

**I**N the park at Stansted, the Hants and Sussex border estate, near Emsworth, is a chapel dating from the end of the fifteenth century. It probably indicates the antiquity of the house which once occupied part of the site of the present mansion. The estate of over 1,800 acres has been sold as a whole, this week, by Messrs. John D. Wood and Co. The sporting quality of the property is quite exceptional, for there are over 1,000 acres of capital woods and plantations. Trout fishing is also to be had there. The game records for 1914-15 show 2,365 pheasants, and the restoration of the shooting to at least an equally high excellence should be a simple matter. From the mansion and park of 500 acres the sea views extend over Hayling Island. The buyer intends to keep Stansted Park as a private sporting property.

Cardigan House, Richmond Hill, formerly the residence of the intrepid Lord Cardigan, is for sale by Messrs. Hampton and Sons, a building site of great value near The Terrace.

Newton Ferrers, Cornwall, is in the market. The house was described and illustrated in COUNTRY LIFE, Vol. xv, page 54. The agents are Messrs. Norfolk and Prior. It is twelve miles from Plymouth. Reference to its interesting and beautiful features will be made next week.

To-day (Saturday) at Gloucester, Chaxhill House and 80 acres of some of the most fertile fruit-growing land in the kingdom will come, in ten lots, under the hammer of Messrs. Bruton, Knowles and Co. The Chaxhill orchards are at Westbury-on-Severn. The vendor, Mr. J. W. Bennett, represents the third generation of fruit growers there, and the apples and plums from the property have received the highest awards at such real competitions as those at the Crystal Palace and the Gloucester Root, Fruit and Grain Society's shows, also premier honours in the county orchard competitions. An exceptionally ready market for all produce is assured by the fact that the Gloucestershire Fruit and Vegetable Co-operative Marketing Society's sale centre is only a mile or so from Chaxhill House at Grange Court station. The trees are mostly standards growing in grass, which provides good grazing for stock. Blaisdon plums thrive there, trees attaining remarkable dimensions.

To-day also the firm is to submit a property of historical interest, Huntley Court, seven miles from Gloucester, on the lower slopes of May Hill, with 21 acres, well placed for hunting with the Ledbury, and for golf. Huntley Court, dating from Tudor times, has been improved residentially under the supervision of Mr. F. W. Waller, the Diocesan architect. It is of red brick, with a diaper pattern in hard blue bricks, and has steeply crow-stepped gables, and at least one fine old oak doorway. Huntley, owing to its position on the main road to Herefordshire and the Welsh Marches and on the borders of the Severn Vale, has, since Norman days, been a place of importance and the present property includes the house referred to by John Corbet in "An Historical Relation of the Military Government of Gloucester" (during the Civil War), published in 1645.

### SALES BEFORE AUCTION.

**WONHAM HILL**, Betchworth, between Reigate and Dorking, is a superior modern residence in which special attention has been paid to the economising of domestic labour, and it stands in the midst of 21 acres, with beautiful grounds. It has just been sold by Messrs. Curtis and Henson, who, jointly with Messrs. Langridge and Freeman, have to submit the remaining portions of the Bidborough estate, 139 acres, at Tonbridge next Tuesday (July 29th), in fifteen lots.

Country, riverside and seaside residences sold, before auction, by Messrs. Constable and Maude, include two Georgian houses, Pirbright Lodge, and 10 acres, and Hurley House, near Marlow, The Knapp, East Grinstead, a freehold overlooking Ashdown Forest, and a Shanklin freehold of 6 acres, West Hill House. They are to offer Old Bracknell House and 16 acres; The Comedy, a hunting box near Chippenham, with 6½ acres, and, The Leasowe, Cheltenham, a stone house with mullioned windows; and Plevna, a luxuriously fitted, panelled house of modern construction. Their sale of Hidcote Manor was announced in these columns on June 7th. Bulmer Tye and Maudlyn Manor were offered last Tuesday; Battledown, The Comedy and Shiremark are for Tuesday next, at the Mart.

Ferney Hall, a modern house in the Tudor style, on the border of Salop and Hereford, five miles from Craven Arms, will be offered next Tuesday by Messrs. Dibblin and Smith, by order of Mr. H. A. Van Bergen, in a number of lots. The total area of the estate is 970 acres, of which 280 acres are woodlands affording plenty of sport, and there is over a mile of fishing. On the hills along the Wye, overlooking Symond's Yat, is a small residence with garden, orchard and paddock, of 3 or 4 acres, with a garage, in a capital hunting, fishing and shooting country, for sale freehold for £2,000, by Messrs. Harrods, Limited. They quote 4,000 guineas for a freehold in Dauntsey Vale, a house in the typical Wiltshire style, and 5 acres; and 3,500 guineas for a freehold of approximately 3 acres in Ashdown Forest, close to the golf links.

Next Tuesday, at the Estate Rooms, St. James's Square, Messrs. Hampton and Sons will sell, at the upset price of £3,000, Cleeve Mill, Goring-on-Thames, a freehold residence, old-world mill, garage, cottages, gardens and island in the Cleeve Water, in all about 1 acre; Hill Top, Caterham, a freehold residence, garages and over 2 acres, also sites, in one or three lots; Lymptone House, Lymptone, a South Devon freehold residence, garage, cottage and orchard of over 5 acres, with a bungalow and paddocks, in all 4½ acres, in one or two lots; sites near Chertsey; a house in Halkin Place, S.W.; and other properties.

Yorkshire land, 15,000 acres in Nidderdale, the Bewerley and Grassfield estates, are for auction in 107 lots next Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, at Harrogate, if not sold as a whole, by Messrs. Hollis and Webb. The main features of the estates were mentioned in the Estate Market page on July 5th.

Next Thursday, at Rugby, Messrs. James Styles and Whitlock will sell Wood House, Princethorpe, and 108 acres, for Mr. W. G. P. Kincaid-Lennox. It has electric light and extensive stabling.

Burwash Place in East Sussex, a well appointed house and 64 acres, is for sale next Tuesday by Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks.

### INCREASING VALUE OF HOUSES.

**EAST SHEEN** houses and sites, forming the Palewell Park estate, have now been nearly all sold, through the agency of Messrs. Debenham, Tewson and Chinnocks, the auction just held by Mr. J. Seagram Richardson, senior partner of the Cheapside and St. James's firm, adding approximately £40,000 to the proceeds, which now approach £150,000, with a few lots yet to be disposed of. Mr. Richardson expressed the unqualified opinion, based on the firm's present experience in managing and developing property, that houses will increase rather than decrease in value in the near future, owing to the difficult position as regards labour and material.

Cresswell Hall, the old Georgian house on the coast of Northumberland, has been purchased by the Northumberland County Council for adaptation as a hospital.

That an "upset" price, however low, affords no indication of the eventual result of an auction, was demonstrated once more in the case of Lakeside, Staines, offered for the executors at £1,000 by Messrs. Dudley W. Harris and Co., on the premises. There was the keenest competition, and the hammer fell at £1,770, for the modern freehold house and nearly 2 acres with large sheet of water.

ARBITER.



MODERN  
DOMESTIC  
ARCHITECTURE

Garden Pavilion and Bathing Pool,  
Downshire House, Roehampton,

DESIGNED BY MESSRS.  
OSWALD P. MILNE and PAUL PHIPPS.

At this time of the year especially, an open-air swimming pool is a very attractive thing, but it must be admitted that the limited amount of warm weather which we get in this country, and the inclemency of our weather, render it somewhat of a sportive undertaking, unless one is of Spartan character. The Romans who came to Britain seem to have been led to a similar conclusion. They found the hot springs at Bath, and they proceeded to make a large rectangular pool on the Roman model; but they soon discovered that some sort of overhead protection was desirable. First they put a covered gallery around the bath, and later they built a segmental roof of tile over the whole area. The original fabric has disappeared, but we can still see at Bath a goodly segment of the roof and the bases of the wall supports from which it sprang, just as we can see, too, the stout lead pipe which brought cold spring water right into the middle of the hot bath.

Even, however, if open-air bathing has its limitations in England, there is a persistent lure about it, especially when it is perceived that the pool can serve a double purpose. This has been achieved very successfully at Downshire House, under the direction of Messrs. Milne and Phipps. The site of this house is altogether delightful, for, though so close to London, there is a feeling of being in the heart of the country as one stands on the close-mown sward and looks across to Richmond Park.



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NORTH SIDE OF PAVILION.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

The bathing pool is to the south, a short distance from the house. It makes an oblong, about 50ft. by 40ft., and is given an architectural setting with the garden pavilion that overlooks it. This little building is of brick, with a steep tiled roof. On the north side it presents a blank wall relieved by niches on either side of the central doorway, which niches are eventually



Copyright.

FROM THE SOUTH

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Looking out.



Showing the paved terrace and steps.

## TWO VIEWS OF THE PAVILION.

to be filled by pieces of sculpture. Within is a fair space floored with squares of Portland stone, with small squares of slate at the angles, thus forming a pattern just sufficient to relieve the effect of the floor without making this at all assertive.

The south side of the pavilion, overlooking the pool from its higher level, is open, and has four stone pillar supports. Outside is a paved terrace treated in the same way as the floor inside, and from this terrace one may step either to the left, and so around to a little changing room or dressing box which is concealed by a door in the garden wall, or one may descend a few steps straight to the pool. The treatment is formal, yet with an air of freedom about it. On either side of the central steps are a pair of Irish yews in tubs, with a

lavender border to right and left, and flower borders around. The pool itself is formed of cement concrete overlaid with asphalt and faced with red brick, the floor being laid with red tiles. The rim is of stone, and there is a wide grass margin. Water is supplied "from the main," and at the further end there is a depth of 6ft. 6ins., with 3ft. 6ins. at the shallow end, nearest to the pavilion.

Here, then, is an enticing place, either to come on a summer's morning and take a header, or in a more leisurely moment to sit in the shade of the pavilion and watch the flickering pool in its setting of green; and there is added pleasure in wandering to the other side and looking at the pavilion, its pleasant form reflected on the water's surface.

R. R. P.

## LAWN TENNIS: DEVELOPMENTS

COMMANDER HILLYARD'S recently expressed conviction that the new generation has less to teach the old than is sometimes thought was confirmed in the Championships by the victory of Mr. Brookes in his forty-seventh year over last year's runner-up, Mr. Hunter; and the more so that nineteen years earlier Mr. Brookes had failed to beat H. L. Doherty when he challenged him for the Championship. There is additional confirmation in the failure to reach the final round of any of the four Americans when the seeded draw had ruled out fratricidal assaults, for they come of a race of innovators, and on the rare occasions that Americans fail in sport it is not for lack of trying new methods. As for M. Lacoste who pushed M. Borotra to and in the fifth set of the final round, he is as old in method as he is young in years.

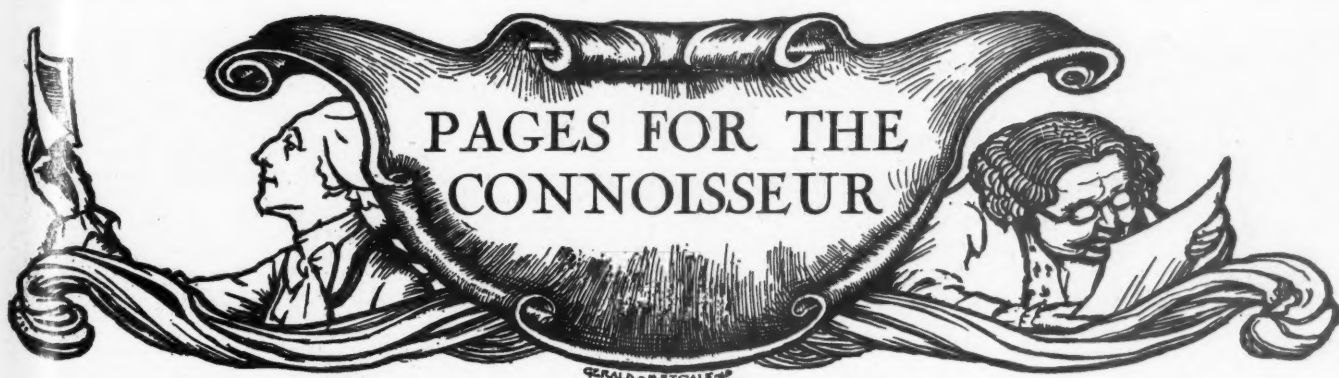
But what about the ladies? People asked the French murderer what struck him most in Paris when he walked abroad for the first time after fifteen years incarceration. "The women," he exploded, "the shape of the women! Why, when I retired they . . ." The details are irrelevant; but suppose a linesman to wake up at Wimbledon after one of his fifteen-year naps; substitute form for shape and he would say much the same thing as the other criminal. I do not mean that the champion of this year would have necessarily beaten any of the seven of whom Commander Hillyard maintains that at their best they would have always beaten anyone else, nor that she would have met them with a new weapon in being a volleyer; there have always been lady volleyers as far as my memory goes back. But they were exceptions; you looked at them and said, "She volleys," whereas now you say, "She does not volley." Some critics ascribed Miss McKane's recent victory in the Championship to her volleying, and they were probably right. But they meant that she used the volley more than Miss Wills did, not that she had a monopoly of the stroke. If you had never seen Miss Wills drive you would recognise her as a first-class player from her volleys; high or low, they were perfectly executed strokes, and she made the ball move fast. The point about form is that ladies now volley as a matter of course. It is probable that the lady who drove only and drove very well was a more formidable opponent in a single than she would have been had she sacrificed some of her skill with the drive to acquire a moderate volley; but she would have got many compensations. The lady volleyer has eliminated that doleful business, the four-handed driving match. In a double, now, the lady is as anxious to reach the net as a man, and it is only if she is first class when she reaches it that she is likely to be a champion. Miss Colyer and Miss Austin reached the final of the Ladies' Doubles last year by the most audacious volleying

that I remember seeing at Wimbledon—the most audacious because they ran in successfully on almost any stroke. They were such a delightful sight that one overlooked their being an atrocious example to the yet younger. Some society for the conservation of sound principles has, no doubt, by now conveyed to Mrs. Wightman its approval of the dignified rebuke administered to them this year by herself and Miss Wills. There was a most edifying school story for girls in that match—the two frisky ones who have a fling to begin with, Mrs. Wightman the wise teacher, and Miss Wills the prize pupil who comes out top at the end. In tactics this year the four ladies in the final of the Doubles played a game that was not distinguishable from that of the men.

Having reached this point, ladies, one might think, had run through the whole scale and had exhausted the potentialities of lawn tennis. But it is extraordinary how many attractive developments were contained in germ in that hour-glass court of long ago! The stern Wimbledon final—such as we saw when Mlle. Lenglen beat Mrs. Lambert-Chambers and when Miss McKane beat Miss Wills—is but one of many variations of what it had to offer ladies, apart from the greatest of its gifts, the sociable running about in the back garden with the youth of the neighbourhood. The Wimbledon final forms the sharpest possible contrast with the type of game that has grown up from the same seed in tropical Cuba. In his recently published book of travel, "In Quest of Eldorado," Mr. Stephen Graham has described the feminine lawn tennis that draws a big crowd there. First of all, there was a band to put mere athletics in their place. The six girls who performed—that is the word—were selected not only for their technical accomplishments but for their looks. Their names, or the names they played under, were as carefully chosen for effect as the five sweet symphonies—"Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen, Margaret and Rosalys." These names (I have forgotten their Cuban equivalents—one was Tosca) gleamed from a scoring board in bright coloured letters. Before the name of each girl was a square of colour corresponding to the ribbon she was wearing, and by it was a slate showing the number of dollars and cents betted on her winning, and also electric lights that indicated the score point by point. This Cuban game was not our game of lawn tennis, but one in which directly a player lost a point she went to her seat and gave way to the next in turn. The games were singles—at least, they certainly were not doubles. Six points made a game. When a girl won a point the scorer pressed a button and a star-light appeared next her name. There was no winning on service. The server had to bounce the ball and then strike it over the net.

E. E. M.





## WILLIAM FRANCE AND THE FURNITURE AT KENWOOD

IN Lord Mansfield's library at Kenwood are two pier glasses between the windows (Fig. 1), almost the sole survivors of the furniture designed for the great Chief Justice by Robert Adam. The consoles, tables and the contemporary damask curtains have been sold with the rest of the contents. These mirrors are illustrated in Adam's *Works in Architecture* and hitherto it has been assumed that they were made in England. They attracted the notice of Samuel Curwen, who visited Kenwood in 1776 and wrote "the library a beautiful room . . . contains the largest mirrors I ever saw, being seven and a half feet high by three and a half in breadth." The arched recesses on either side of the fireplace, which now contain empty shelves for books, were originally fitted by Chippendale with mirrors. His bill for the glass is given in full in Mr. Bolton's *Architecture of Robert and James Adam*, and here it is only necessary to remark that on June 14th, 1769, Chippendale bound himself to deliver "French plate Glass in London silver'd and ready to be put up" for the "mirrors in recesses" to the amount of £340. He received payment in two instalments of £170, and in case of failure to carry out the contract he was to repay the first instalment to Lord Mansfield. Four years later the method of casting glass was introduced from France, and the British Cast Plate Glass-makers set up their factories at Albion Place, Southwark, and at Ravenshead, near St. Helens in Lancashire.

Although Chippendale received this large payment for glass, the frames of the mirrors in the recesses were supplied by William France, a cabinet-maker responsible for most of the Kenwood furniture. In December, 1768, his bill contains an item of £149 8s. "For 2 Frames to the plates of Glass in the two Recesses to Mr. Adams drawing with upright pillars and angular do. all enrich'd with the most Delicate Antique Ornaments and Arches of light ornaments issuing from the pillars and with freze at the top of the whole and bottom ornaments supported from the Base for the Centre of each plate with a Baso Relievo and all the ornaments curiously work'd and the whole gilt in Burnish'd Gold and plate Brass behind all the Centre ornaments to keep square." A few months earlier France charges £2 7s. for unpacking the two large pier glasses, which arrived at Kenwood "packed in different cases viz in french cases," and reporting to Mr. Adam "the manner proper to do them." After a personal visit, Adam "agreed that the wall might be cutt away" and the mirrors repacked until the "wainscot wall frames" were made. When these were delivered the mirrors were fixed up, but not before repairing and gilding, as they had been "a good deal hurt by unpacking and by salt water." It is, no doubt, as a result of this conference a hundred and fifty years ago that the mirrors are still in position, for to remove them would involve considerable damage to the wall.

A number of men were employed in connection with the glass, both for these mirrors and for the recesses, Chippendale apparently delegating the whole business to France, who was the guarantor of his undertaking with Lord Mansfield.

The glass for the recesses was sent to Kenwood in "3 packing cases made on purpose." Six chairmen carried them up with three of France's men in attendance, and five pairs of new blankets were obtained "to putt betwixt the plates to Defend do." If we examine the pier glasses themselves, we shall find some evidence that they were executed by a Frenchman, though to such criticism the objection *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* may be held to apply. They differ appreciably from the mirrors designed by Adam for the drawing-room at Syon at about this date and carved with large acanthus scrolls, pateræ and honeysuckle ornament. The frames of the Kenwood pair are surmounted by a cresting composed of griffons with a medallion of infant bachanals in the centre, and on the base mould is a classical vase with floral swags in high relief. The modelling of the griffons is noticeably superior to that of a very similar pair on the frieze of a commode made by Chippendale for Osterley; the infant bachanals are rendered with a vivacity truly French, while the treatment of the vase, a detail often found on contemporary French mirrors, suggests that Adam may have allowed some latitude to the maker. As to the tables below, one is disposed to attribute them to William France, who indulged in a mighty panegyric of two other tables made for the library and executed in "a masterly manner." The curtain boxes were certainly supplied by him, for he describes them as "three very rich carv'd Cornices to the windows in the Great Room at Kenwood." Mr. Bolton tells us it seems certain that the settees which originally stood below the mirrors in the two recesses were made by Chippendale from Robert Adam's design, but if we turn to France's bills we find that there were formerly five sofas in the room and all were made by him. For the pair attributed to Chippendale by Mr. Bolton (Fig. 2)

France charged £50 14s., describing them as "2 sophas made to Mr. Adam's Design carv'd and gilt in burnish'd Gold the carving all finished in a very Elaborate manner." The others cost only two pounds less and are entered as "three Scrole headed Sopha frames for the Windows carv'd and Gilt in burnish'd Gold with carving all done on the same principal as the Sophas." When completed the five sofas were covered "with your crimson India silk damask and finished with the best burnish'd nails tyed down with silk twist." This upholstery was not renewed until the occupation of the Grand Duke Michael. Mr. Bolton states that the only other paper relating to the furnishing of Kenwood is a bill from France dated December 4th, 1770, which gives some particulars of "a large mahogany Reading Stand" and "2 very Elegant screens," but the accounts (for a copy of which I am indebted to Mr. Oliver Brackett) prove that his responsibility was not limited to these three things. The elbow chairs formerly in the library may be identified with a similar number entered in France's bills as "8 Cabriole Elbow chairs to the size and shape of your own Stuft with best curl'd hair and cover'd with the green silk damask that came off the gilt Elbow chairs



1.—ONE OF A PAIR OF GILT PIER GLASSES BETWEEN THE WINDOWS IN THE ADAM ROOM.

They are of French execution, and were put up by William France in 1769; the console table is no longer there.



2.—GILT SOFA, TRIPOD SCREEN AND ONE OF A SET OF EIGHT CHAIRS MADE BY WILLIAM FRANCE IN 1769.

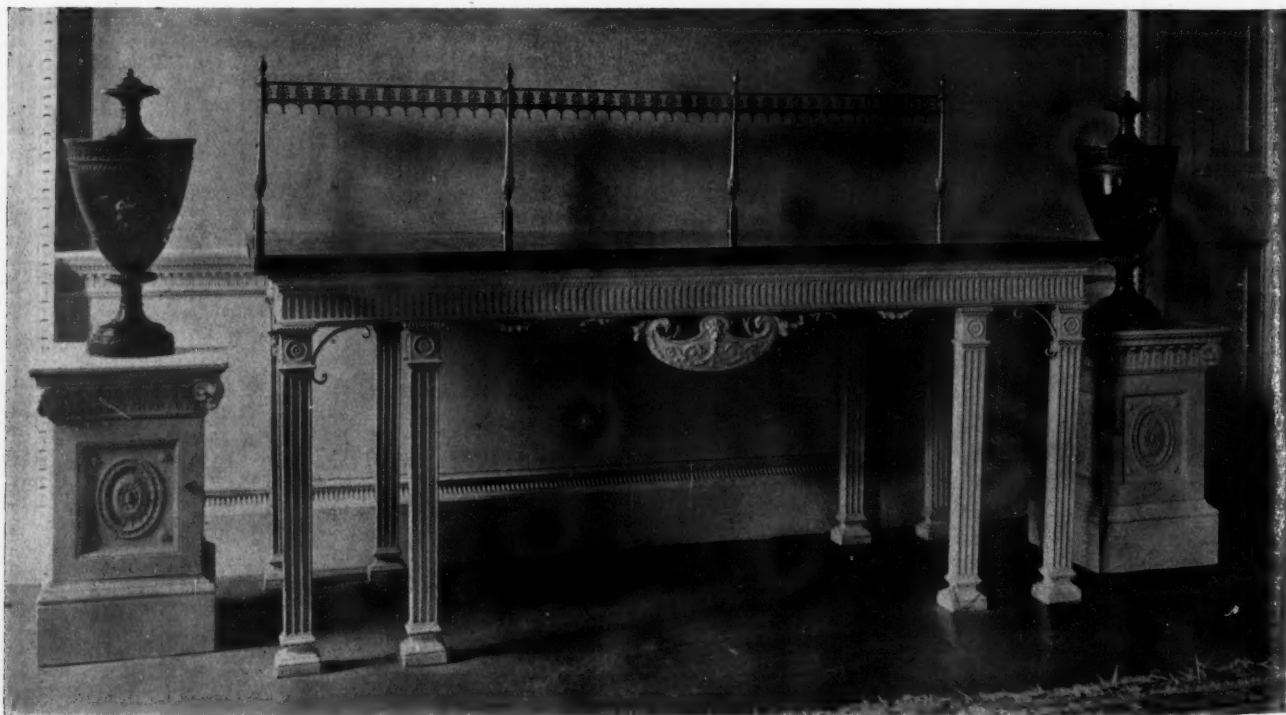
that were cover'd with crimson India silk Damask of your own as specified above, the 8 chairs above painted 3 Whites finished with best burnish'd nails silk twist." One of the "2 very elegant screens richly carved and gilded on mahogany poles with pine Apples at the top" may be seen on the right of this sofa in Fig. 2. Here again France proves his ability to puff his own wares—the ornaments round the screen parts are "very perfectly carved in good shapes and well gilded." Lord Mansfield slept in "a field Bedstead on a particular construction with good screws and posts," and France made the hangings out of the Chief Justices' own *Dimolty* "to take off and on with the greatest ease for the sake of washing every Curtain and teaster." The furniture formerly in the hall—a sideboard painted white, two mahogany urns on pedestals (Fig. 3) and four settees also in white—was probably made by France, though they are not mentioned in the existing bills; nor did he confine his activities to Kenwood, for we find him visiting Bloomsbury Square and fitting eight leather castors on Lord Mansfield's library chairs.

What was the nature of the business connection between France and Chippendale cannot be determined. Lord Mansfield clearly had misgivings about Chippendale's resources, while he was prepared to accept France as a surety. It is curious

that Chippendale should have supplied the glass and yet failed to obtain the contract for furnishing Kenwood, especially as his correspondence with Sir Edward Knatchbull of Merham Hatch (see COUNTRY LIFE, April 12th, 1924) proves that he was not in a position to neglect such an opportunity, being hard pressed for money at the time. At this date he had already been associated with Adam at Osterley, but the Harewood triumphs were still to come, and Adam's patrons often gave the preference to other cabinet-makers.

Throughout the eighteenth century English cabinet-makers proclaimed incessantly that their furniture was "equal to the French," but their patrons were difficult to convince. In procuring two pier glasses from France Lord Mansfield was only following a familiar practice. References in the Walpole and Selwyn correspondence prove that commodes were frequently imported, or, if made in England, were mounted with French ormolu, and mirrors were occasionally sent abroad to be gilt. Now that so little remains to recall Lord Mansfield at Kenwood, any information is welcome which helps us to realise how the house was furnished by that great Chief Justice who was no mere lawyer. "Sir," said Johnson, "when he first came to town he drank champagne with the wits. . . . He was the friend of Pope."

RALPH EDWARDS.



3.—SIDEBOARD PAINTED WHITE AND TWO MAHOGANY URNS ON PEDESTALS. Designed by Adam, and formerly in the Entrance Hall.